

# Correspondence

## Art and Catholics

**EDITOR:** Not since Fr. William F. Lynch's *The Image Industries* was published and we at last had an authoritative American Catholic voice speaking out on the artistic values of the cinema, has anything given so much encouragement to Catholic students of modern art trends as the article, "New Images of Man," by Fr. W. Norris Clarke (11/21). Your Review might have ignored the recent exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, just as most of the Catholic press failed to take seriously the Picasso exhibit that moved across the country a few years ago. But you would have left the difficult questions created by the abstractionist artists to the humorists—and we have enough of them in practically every corner of the land.

What impresses me most about Fr. Clarke's criticism is that he writes as a Christian philosopher and not as an art critic. That is what Maritain did in *Art and Scholasticism* and Fr. Lynch did the same for us with his challenging study of the newer media in *The Image Industries*.

Can it be that the philosophers and theologians will be the ones to bring about a meeting of minds between the modern artist and the rank and file? Could be.

C. V. HIGGINS

La Grange, Ill.

## Dividend Tax Credit

**EDITOR:** I would like to comment briefly on some of the points raised in your Comment, "Expensive Tax Exemption" (10/31), on the dividend tax credit. As you may know, the Exchange community and many economists feel the current tax treatment of dividends is unjust. No other form of personal income is taxed twice at the Federal level. While the dividend tax credit passed by Congress in 1954 doesn't eliminate this tax injustice, it does relieve it somewhat.

The existing law, far from offering preferential treatment to those whose income is derived from dividends, imposes a much heavier burden on the man relying partly or solely on dividend income than on the non-shareowner. First, most corporate earnings are taxed at the 52-per-cent corporate rate. Then, the individual must pay a personal income tax on that portion of the earnings received as dividends. The dividend credit and the exclusion by no means reduce the basic injustice of the levy.

It is true, as you point out, that only

5 per cent of the 59.8 million tax returns filed in 1957 claimed a tax credit. But, half a million additional taxpayers who were eligible for the credit did not apply for it.

It isn't surprising, of course, that the bulk of the credit went to some 480,000 taxpayers with incomes over \$20,000. These Americans own more securities in much the same way that they own more life insurance, bonds, savings accounts and homes. Yet, at the same time, you fail to mention the fact that 1.6 million taxpayers with adjusted gross incomes of \$10,000 or less also received some tax credit in 1957. Isn't there every reason to believe that a \$60 credit means just as much to a person with a \$5,000 annual income as a larger credit means to someone in the higher-income ranges?

Unfortunately, it isn't possible to forecast with any real accuracy the effect of this particular tax provision on Federal revenues. But experience developed as a result of the 1954 tax relief indicates that, instead

of declining, Government revenues actually increased. Since that 4-per-cent relief in 1954, the Government's annual yield from dividends has gone up—with 1958 revenue about \$200 million more than the 1953 total. Thus, while Rep. Steven V. Carter's figures are accurate as far as they go, they do not begin to tell the full story.

G. KEITH FUNSTON  
President

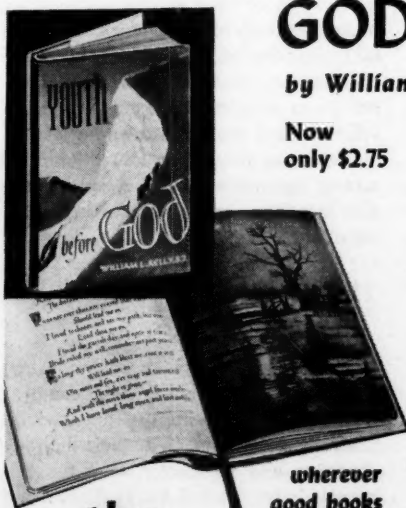
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[The theory of the dividend tax and exclusion was not raised in our Comment. To keep the record straight, however, we note that it is by no means universally conceded that dividend income is taxed twice. Nor does there seem to be any mystery about the increase in the tax yield from dividends since 1954. In that year corporate dividends came to \$9.8 billion. They jumped to \$11.2 billion in 1955, to \$12 billion in 1956, to \$12.4 billion in 1957. Naturally Uncle Sam's take increased despite the new exclusion and credit. As for the late Rep. Carter's point, that only a small minority of taxpayers profit from the concession to dividend income, the figures speak for themselves.—ED.]

## Youth Before GOD

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# Current Comment

## Religion, Huxley and Ewing

The Russians, the story goes, being extremely smart people, launched their first Sputnik into space to find out whether there is a God. No signals were heard recording a Divinity—so, as always, Marx and Lenin were right.

Some such antitheological reasoning seems to have inspired Sir Julian Huxley, if we may judge by the assault on religion he delivered Nov. 26 at the Darwin Centennial celebration in Chicago. The world, he explained, needs a "new ideology" based on evolution, and from this new triumph of the human intellect any suggestion of a Divinity is to be carefully excluded. Since evolution is "all one continuing process," there is no room for the supernatural. The "new idea pattern" is to be a "dominant one," so believers will find themselves uncomfortably on the outside, and thus will have to stop burning heretics.

Huxley's 90-proof brand of old-style rationalist empiricism, however, has become increasingly distasteful to a growing number of sober-minded scientists both here and abroad. They are increasingly unwilling to use the accepted conclusions of scientific evolution as a stalking-horse for the supposed "split between science and religion." [See "Science and the Catholic Tradition," p. 346ff.—Ed.]

That such a split is nonexistent was shown conclusively the following day by the Rev. J. Franklin Ewing, S.J., professor of anthropology at Fordham University, in his address to the same distinguished gathering. A true spiritualistic evolution, said Fr. Ewing—one which allows for the human spirit and God the Creator—does not contradict any Catholic dogma. And man "still evolves," both as "a natural and a supernatural being, individually and collectively."

## Something for the Nose

Supposedly, there was something new this week in a New York theatre. It was the première showing of a movie

—with smells! More delicately named "a motion picture with scent" and "AromaRama," this "fabulous new dimension" of moviedom is said to bring us the captured tang, the tastes, the spices—all the lotus-like fragrances of far-off China.

It will probably jolt readers to learn that the pioneer of AromaRama lived three hundred years ago. Greet this new development of Hollywood with sniffs and snorts of derision, if you will, but let the record show that a 17th-century German Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher (1601-1680), whose career is one of the most amazing prodigies of the late Renaissance, holds the patent on the idea of orchestrating color, sound and smell in the theatre.

Incidentally, what theatres the Jesuits of the 16th and 17th centuries conducted! Once, in Munich, in 1575, for a drama named *Constantine*, on stage at one time were 400 horsemen in full Roman equipment.

Smellovision was only one of polymath Kircher's achievements. He invented the magic lantern and the speaking tube; rediscovered Archimedes's burning-glass; was an oceanographer; began the work of deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics; did research on hypnotic phenomena, and once—the better to study an erupting volcano—had himself lowered into the steaming crater of Vesuvius. To a man of such wide interests and varied hobbies, spraying a few scents around a theatre was nothing at all.

## That 49-Cent Dollar

The October reading of the Consumer Price Index, which was published the day before Thanksgiving, came at the wrong time to impress housewives. They had just finished their holiday shopping and no matter what the Bureau of Labor Statistics said about rising prices, they knew from their receipts that the turkey dinner had cost less this year than a year ago.

In some cities it cost significantly less. Based on prices posted by a Washington, D. C., supermarket chain, tur-

keys were 10 cents a pound under last year, coffee 12 cents and apples a cent and one-half. Butter and potatoes were both up a cent a pound and celery cost 4 cents a bunch more, but lettuce, milk and eggs were cheaper, and everything else, including cranberries, was practically the same.

Actually, the Government's figures did not conflict with the housewives' experience. While the index as a whole did jump two-tenths of one per cent, food dropped three-tenths of a per cent. The chief factors in the over-all rise were transportation (up 1.4 per cent) and apparel and footwear (up 0.4 per cent). Public transportation costs were about the same as in September, but new autos cost more (because dealers were not offering discounts) and gasoline advanced a cent a gallon. Medical care continued its steady climb and is now 4 per cent over the level of October, 1958.

Although the index again set a record high, this meant, in dollars and cents, only that in October the consumer paid \$10.02 for goods that cost him \$10 in September. A year ago, however, he could have bought the same goods for \$9.85.

## The UN Plunges

It is rare that the UN plunges in beyond its depth. There is danger that it has done just that in opening a new round of debate on the "question of Algeria." For the fifth successive year the Afro-Asian bloc has succeeded in placing this item on the General Assembly's agenda. Past debate has contributed nothing toward a solution of the problem. At this late date argument in the UN could well imperil the solution that seems at long last in the making.

Today the prospects for peace in Algeria are better than they have been at any time during the costly, five-year-old rebellion against French rule. When President de Gaulle unveiled his plan for Algeria last Sept. 16, he granted the rebels precisely what they have long sought—a chance for Algeria to choose its own future with or without France. This in spite of the fact that last year a UN resolution calling for self-determination in Algeria failed by one vote to pass in the General Assembly.

There are, it is true, details still to be worked out in the application of the

de Gaulle plan. Should the negotiations be carried on between the French Government and the rebel leaders now in French custody? Must the Algerians choose their representatives from among leaders in Algeria itself? How are the proposed elections to be conducted? These questions can best be left to the parties involved.

Meanwhile, if the UN must have its resolution, we suggest that it compliment Paris for having yielded on the principle of self-determination and urge the French and the rebels to cooperate in putting the de Gaulle plan into effect. It is time for all spectators to withdraw to the sidelines.

## No Joy in Mudville

It was a cheerless Thanksgiving Day at Cape Canaveral. The rocket team was at the plate before dawn. The nation waited for the clout that would plant the pill on the moon. But the mighty Atlas struck out, as Casey did.

We do not hide our chagrin at this latest failure of U. S. rocketry: it stands in harsh contrast to the lunar scores made by the USSR in September and October. Once again our pride is wounded and once more our scientific renown is dimmed.

But the well-heralded fizzle of our biggest moon-probe involves more than a drop in prestige. It now appears that we may be unable to make another try at the moon until 1960 is well advanced. When we fired our Atlas, we staked our all on a single throw—we had no “back-up” rocket to cover the risk of a “flop.”

Presumably we had no “back-up” rocket because our thrust into space is not properly funded, nor administered with vision, nor pursued with requisite urgency. The Administration still acts as though the conquest of space were a competitive game between boys playing with Roman candles.

Not so the Russians. They obviously regard the moon as a prime objective with unimaginable potentialities. They are correct. The moon may yet prove to be “high ground” in the military sense. Its material resources will undoubtedly be economically valuable in man's future history. Its physical features make it uniquely serviceable as a scientific laboratory and a stepping-stone to the regions beyond.

One more point. Can we afford to let Russia land men on the moon first? If we do, she may yet claim the whole cheese. Effective occupation is still the best territorial title in a world that lacks an adequate corpus of international law.

## Mission Encyclical

It is a fact of great significance for the future of the Church that the areas of its greatest missionary concern happen to be also the most crucial areas in contemporary world politics. In his encyclical on the missions, *Princeps Pastorum* (The Prince of Shepherds), Pope John XXIII alluded to this situation when he remarked that many mission territories “are undergoing a phase of social, economic and political evolution which has important consequences for the future.”

All the more necessary, then, is this timely new charter for the modern missions. It outlines objectives and methods, it issues warnings against possible aberrations and presents stirring exhortation to greater apostolic zeal and generosity.

The large space given to the role of the laity is perhaps the distinctive aspect of *Princeps Pastorum*. In the 40 years since the earlier instruction, *Maximum Illud*, of Benedict XV, the Church has increasingly confided responsibilities to the laity. Pope John XXIII, while stressing the importance of a well-formed native clergy, also bears down on the need for Catholic Action. The formation of these lay apostles, he insists, needs special attention and calls for a fresh methodology and even for special schools. The new encyclical seems to have conferred new stature and importance on the lay apostolate not only in the missions but everywhere.

## Dollars for Arms Abroad

According to several Washington reports, the President's decision to request \$2 billion for military aid during fiscal 1961—which means \$4 billion in all for the Mutual Security Program—represents a victory for the State and Defense Departments over the Treasury and the Budget Bureau. The latter are both so intent on a balanced budget that no other objective seems to them of equal importance.

It was a foregone conclusion, however, that the President, once the facts were laid before him, would uphold the State and Defense Departments. All they had to do was show him that, according to a study which he himself authorized, \$2 billion was the least he could ask for military aid without reversing the nation's basic policy of defense against aggression. Such was the only conclusion that could be drawn from the report last March of the President's Committee to Study the Foreign Military Assistance Program.

The committee pointed out that for several years now we had been spending \$2.4 billion annually on military aid although Congress had been appropriating on the average only \$1.5 billion. The Administration could do this because it had inherited an unexpended balance of \$8 billion from the Truman Administration. That pipeline was, however, now drying up, so that unless Congress annually appropriated a minimum of \$2 billion in new money for military aid, shipments would shortly have to drop below \$2.4 billion. But that would cause a fundamental revision in Nato goals and capacities. Since this was the last thing the President wanted to suggest on the eve of his meeting in Europe with the Nato leaders, the Treasury and Budget Bureau never had a chance—happily, we might add, for the U. S. A. and the entire free world.

## Population Sloganeering

For Malthus, population was a problem. The demographers turned the problem into a time bomb. But it took a California Protestant Episcopal bishop to turn the bomb into a political football. This feat was accomplished by the Right Rev. James A. Pike when he asked whether the policy laid down by the Catholic hierarchy in their Nov. 25 statement on birth control was “binding on Roman Catholic candidates for public office.”

Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* feels it is a good thing to move the topic of population controls into the realm of public political discussion. We cannot agree, especially at a time when politicians are groping for marketable slogans to highlight issues and pillory opponents.

There are two grave risks involved



when the explosive population bomb is flung into the political arena.

First, the blast effect of the bomb will fan the embers of bigotry that still smolder amid the ashes of the Al Smith era. Do we want the coming campaign to degenerate into a bitter struggle where some shout "Rome, Rhythm and Kennedy," and where others cry "A vote for Stu is a boost for Sangerism"? Such a campaign would split the unity of our people, just when the nation faces a decisive period in its relations with world communism.

Secondly, have the contrivers of the population issue weighed its impact on the world at large? Do we want the P-bomb to explode in our face? We cannot argue the noisy issue of overpopulation without showing all the world what the primary objectives of demographic propaganda are. "Too many babies" means too many Asiatics and too many Africans, not too many Yankees. Wide airing of this fact could give Russia a propaganda windfall; it would be all too easy for Russia to claim that demographic concern for underdeveloped nations is no more than a device for insuring imperialistic domination.

Judging from his news conference of Dec. 2, President Eisenhower does not accept the Krock thesis either. In fact he indicated that our Government has no business toying with the P-bomb and we hope his firm words will squelch the debate that Bishop Pike so injudiciously touched off.

### Refined Depravity

The "New Wave" is upon us. In case you hadn't heard, that is the name being given to the current trend in French moviemaking. You'll be seeing some examples of the New Wave soon in your home town, at least if you live in a place civilized enough to have an art theatre.

And apparently you will find it quite an experience, too. Consider these quotations from the reviews of a New Wave film as they appeared in a New York *Times* advertisement of Nov. 25. This motion picture, writes *Times* critic Bosley Crowther, embodies "a deep cynicism, expressed in absolute hedonism—with shocking candor in the most powerful part of this film, which represents a veritable orgy." *Cue's* Jesse Zunser is also impressed with the "sex

orgy sequences," and adds that "the dialog bristles with depravity and evil." There is nothing duller than an orgy without dialog, but the moviegoer need have no fear of that here.

Don't get the impression that there is anything crude in these new French productions. This one, according to Hollis Alpert of the *Saturday Review*, "has caught a contemporary mood . . . with the good taste not to judge it too moralistically." Bosley Crowther finds it "beautifully played—hard to forget." Mr. Zunser says the performances are excellent and the photography superb.

Catch on? Depravity is one thing, but inferior artistic quality is quite another, and the public should not tolerate it. In our pluralistic society we may not agree on good morals, but surely we can all unite in the defense of good taste. As Don Marquis's mehitabel the cat used to say, to hell with anything unrefined.

### Gomulka's Tightrope

Poland, something of a contradiction to political observers since the 1956 October Revolution, is now becoming even more of a paradox. At the moment, the Red regime of Party Secretary Wladyslaw Gomulka is in serious trouble. The party is shot through with apathy and opportunism; the university students and the intellectuals have failed to rally to the post-October leadership; the peasants are openly contemptuous. Gomulka's petulance, revealed in the expulsion of A. M. Rosenthal of the N. Y. *Times* (AM. 11/28), has taken the form of strident chastising of party subordinates and a growing stress on economic austerity for the nation.

Yet, in Poland's growing chaos, no one seems to anticipate a return to Stalinism, much less a popular revolt. Now in Vienna, correspondent Rosenthal has filled in the details implicit in the dispatches which earned him Gomulka's displeasure. A series of reports to his newspaper constitutes an illuminating diagnosis of the ills that can affect Communist administrative machinery from within. These ills may one day prove fatal for the Red regime in Poland. But the author stops short of saying that Gomulka may be on the way out.

The key to this puzzling situation

may lie in the fact that a tacit understanding seems to have developed between the people and the party. The Poles have no desire to see the Soviets take open control of the country as a consequence of a popular revolt. On the other hand, the party has learned since 1956 that Stalinist methods are self-defeating. In such a balance of fears Poland dizzily searches for its destiny.

### One of Every Seven

Floodlights shone weakly through the drizzling rain as almost a million persons stood during a midnight Mass on Sunday, Nov. 29 in the Plaza Civica of Havana. That turn-out was the high point in a two-day rally proclaimed by Bishop Evelio Diaz y Cia, Apostolic Administrator of Havana, to show the religious loyalty of the Cuban people. A radio message from Pope John XXIII to the rally urged Cubans, in these difficult revolutionary days, to work toward fraternal unity and to practice the "charity of the Christian convinced that his possessions have a social function."

The following afternoon, Dr. José Lasaga, a director of the Catholic Youth Movement, spoke to a crowd of 20,000 persons on that same theme of social justice. He pointed out that Catholicism, in its pursuit of social justice, is diametrically opposed to communism, which "asserts man's subordination to a totalitarian state."

Was the rally, with all its pageantry and mass enthusiasm, meant to match the two mass meetings recently called by Premier Castro in the same Plaza Civica? *La Quincena*, the Franciscan fortnightly, stated in an editorial that "this is a religious congress, without any sort of political overtones." But the fact that one of every seven Cubans was present that day to proclaim his faith will not be lost on those who direct Cuba's political fortunes.

### Support from Hong Kong

Britain's decision to recognize China's Communist regime was largely due to British business interests anxious to preserve long-established markets in the Far East. Today these same business leaders, who now carry on their trade as best they can in Hong Kong, are of



a different mind. Having just finished a "long bout of inquiry" in the British Crown Colony, *Herald Tribune* correspondent Joseph Alsop finds them opposed to any change in American policy toward Red China. Nothing would be gained, they believe, and much would be lost by any softening of the American attitude.

Nothing would be gained, because Mao Tse-tung has gone Stalinist with a vengeance. Red China's leaders are now concentrating all their efforts on

the construction of a gigantic military-industrial machine built on the misery of the people of China. While they pursue "this grim experiment," Hong Kong's businessmen feel, there is no chance of an accommodation with the West. Peiping would look upon any feelers put out by the United States as a sign of weakness.

Much would be lost, because any move to mollify Red China would be regarded as an admission of defeat by the rest of Asia. In short, the circum-

stances could not be less favorable for a change in American policy.

The eternal advocates of a "new approach" to Red China are just as vociferous as ever here at home, but those closest to the problem confirm the wisdom of the present U. S. course. Commenting on Australia's foreign policy, this Review noted last week (p. 314) that "proximity to Peiping can make a world of difference in attitudes." Hong Kong's British business community would apparently agree.

## Weekend Warriors

IN THE *Army Times* of October 17, Col. R. Ernest Dupuy, the military historian, expressed puzzlement over the contradiction between recent Department of Defense praise of the National Guard and the statement, on September 26, by Air Force Gen. Curtis E. LeMay scoffing at the ability of "weekend warriors" to handle "our expensive modern equipment."

Colonel Dupuy's puzzlement must have grown when, on October 23, an Air National Guard pilot equalled or surpassed the best performance of Active Air Force jet fighter pilots in the Air Force's world-wide air-to-air rocketry meet at Tyndall Air Force Base, Fla.

More significant still, the same pilot and his Air National Guard teammates outscored all but one of the finest air combat teams the Air Force could produce. The Guardsmen flew F-100 "Super Sabres." The Active Air Force teams flew newer and faster F-104 "Star Fighters." All used the GAR-11 "Sidewinder" air-to-air guided missile. The Guardsmen, two of whom were University of Arizona students, were supported by their own mechanics, radar repairmen, refueling technicians and ground control of interception (GCI) radar controllers.

"Weekend warriors," in the commonly accepted sense of the term, could not have done such a splendid job. The term, as applied to the Air National Guard, is a misnomer.

Guard pilots put in a minimum of 84 drills per year, plus their annual 15 days of field training. Of a total of 70,000 officers and men, over 13,000 Air Guard pilots, mechanics, radar technicians and administrative personnel are on full-time duty at about half what it costs to maintain their Regular Air Force counterparts.

In 22 Air Guard squadrons, pilots are called to active duty for periods of up to three months to man armed, ready jet interceptors in the "runway

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alert" program. The 199th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron of the Hawaiian Air National Guard, operating under this program, has taken over from units of the Active Air Force full responsibility for the air defense of the islands.

Regular Air Force technicians of the SAGE radar control system in New York and New England credit the Air Guard with doing a better job of interception than Active Air Force units. The difference lies in aircraft maintenance. The stability and skill levels the Active Air Force has sought to achieve through expensive pay, medical care and recreation programs, the Air Guard has achieved on the basis of its State and community identification alone.

Though the Air Force did not choose to say so, it is the high level of combat readiness of the Air National Guard fighter-interceptor units in the Northeast and Midwest that permitted the Air Force, on October 28, to order the deactivation of several Active Air Force fighter squadrons in Vermont, Ohio and New York.

How, then, are we to explain General LeMay's attack?

Speaking in support of increased B-52 production in 1956, General LeMay created the impression that the United States was falling behind the Soviets in manned bombers. General LeMay, better than anyone else, was in a position to know that this was not true. Apparently, he has resorted to a similar tactic to support his proposition that the Air National Guard and the Air Force Reserve be combined into a single, Federally controlled reserve force.

That a tactic such as this was deemed necessary should be enough, in itself, to bring the validity of General LeMay's proposition into question. Any thorough study of the relative performance of the National Guard and the Air Force and Army Reserve over the past 14 years will show that it is the Federally controlled Reserve, not the State-controlled Guard, that should be up for re-evaluation.

WILLIAM V. KENNEDY

# Washington Front

## Space for Leadership

**D**R. T. KEITH GLENNAN, head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, recently spoke to the National Press Club on the relative positions of the United States and Russia in the space field. Dr. Glennan stated that we are far behind the Russians in space accomplishments and farther behind in the training of scientists and engineers.

In response to this statement, a newsman asked why it is that the "American people are more interested in the cranberry 'rhubarb' than in space problems?"

Perhaps a partial answer to the question was provided the next day by the Washington press. A diligent search of the editions of the two major Washington papers disclosed not one line on Dr. Glennan's speech. Cranberries continued to claim front-page headlines.

Failure of the press to discriminate between the important and the unimportant is certainly not the main reason why we are relatively so backward in the space race. Nevertheless, the press's argument that it must give the public "what it wants" is to argue for public irresponsibility.

The major failure, however, in the handling of the space problem is one to which another reporter re-

ferred in his question to Dr. Glennan. He asked if it might not help us to understand the need to speed up our space efforts "if the President would also admit that we are in a race," as Dr. Glennan had stated in his speech. Dr. Glennan declined to answer on the ground that this was "a provocative question."

In space research and operation the President alone can give leadership. It cannot come from Congress, the press or the people. Only the Chief Executive has all the relevant facts and knows all the needs. A single speech to calm public nerves after a Lunik launching is not enough.

In our democratic society the Administration must bring the schools, Congress and the public to an understanding of the seriousness of the problem. Only the President can make clear that more men must be trained and in what fields. Only the President can propose the necessary legislation to induce men to enter these fields for training. Only the President, with his vast popular support, can explain the need for larger appropriations and more taxes to make the programs possible.

A newspaper poll, as Dr. Glennan noted, has shown that a majority of the people would be willing to have their taxes increased by \$50 per year if this would help us to gain leadership in the space race. If the poll is right, the public is asking for leadership which the Administration has yet to provide. In the interest of freedom the President should give it soon.

HOWARD PENNIMAN

## On All Horizons

**MUSIC AND WORSHIP.** Webster College in suburban St. Louis announces its 1960 summer school of liturgical music. Offerings are designed both for those pursuing degree programs and for organists, choir directors and parish leaders interested in carrying out the recent Roman directives. For further information write to Sister Rose Vincent, S.L., Director, Liturgical School of Music, Webster College, St. Louis 19, Mo.

► **JUBILEE.** In its own 50th year, AMERICA salutes the Catholic Social Guild, founded at Manchester, England, in 1909. At the jubilee commemoration it was announced that the guild is to be reorganized and brought into closer relationship to diocesan action. The CSG was one of a series of social action organizations which arose at the turn of the century in various parts of Europe in response to the encyclical

*Rerum Novarum*. For many years its leading spirit was the late Rev. Charles Plater, S.J.

► **MEDICOS' MEDICO.** The National Federation of Catholic Physicians' Guilds has singled out Dr. John J. Masterson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., as "Catholic Physician of the Year." The recognition was awarded the recipient, described as "dean and elder statesman of Medicine in Brooklyn," for notable accomplishments for his faith and his profession.

► **BOOK WEEK, 1960.** The Catholic Library Assn. has set Feb. 20-27 as Catholic Book Week. National chairman of the week is Sister Mary Consuelo, C.R.S.M., librarian at Gwynedd-Mercy Junior College, Gwynedd Valley, Pa.

► **SCRIPTURE READING.** *A Guide to Reading the Bible (Part I)*, by Rev.

Daniel Lupton, is a booklet based on experiences in adult education in the Chicago area. It aims at making the Bible meaningful to the uninitiated (Acta Publications, 720 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. 75¢; discount on quantity orders).

► **DAWSON AT 70.** British actor Sir Alec Guinness was among guests at a reception tendered Christopher Dawson by Boston College on Nov. 8 to honor the historian's 70th birthday. Sir Alec, a recent convert, later delivered a lecture on the B.C. campus, "Readings of Christian Verse and Prose."

► **PROGRESS REPORT.** The new Catholic Encyclopedia, a 15-volume project to be published by McGraw-Hill Book Co., will be headed by Msgr. William J. McDonald, rector of the Catholic University, as editor-in-chief. Msgr. John H. Harrington, librarian at St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers, N. Y., will be managing editor. Dr. Martin P. McGuire, also of the Catholic University, will be secretary of the editorial committee.

R.A.G.

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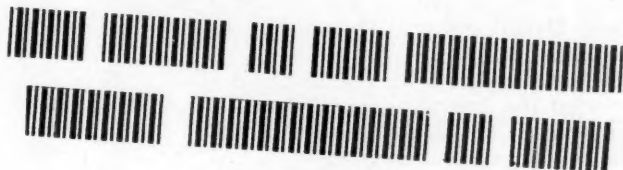
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*Times-Review*

Thurs., Sept. 17, 1959

### Our Bookshelf



— John and Mary Power

Another thought occurred to me too—but this one was pleasant. How fortunate, I told myself, are members of the Catholic Book Club for the consistently high level of the books which they receive.

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# Editorials

## The Spirit of Camp David

IN THE halcyon days of spiritism, mediums used to evoke ectoplasm that indited poetry, dictated novels and in general kept séances lively. But it took the genius of Nikita Khrushchev to summon a ghost from the arctic wastes of the Cold War, christen it "the spirit of Camp David" and send it soaring about the world like a cooing dove.

President Eisenhower has said that he does not quite know what the "spirit" means. Perhaps then we had better interpret the phrase which is becoming part of the lexicon of "peaceful coexistence."

The spirit of Camp David, as we see it, is simply that cozy sense of well-being that has been lulling us to sleep since the end of September. When this euphoria sweeps over the ordinary citizen, he says to himself: "Relax. There's a rainbow 'round the corner. The Cold War was a bad dream—nothing but a misunderstanding between good guys who should have been pals all along." When the spirit grips the columnist, he enlivens his prose with bright illusions: Khrushchev visits Red China, but puts a leash on Mao; Moscow permits a few cultural exchanges, and lo, there are rents in the Iron Curtain; the Kremlin approves a few washing machines, and the columnist sees consumer pressures dictating the course of Soviet policy.

Sometimes, too, the spirit of Camp David seems to bewitch governmental officials at home and abroad. Then we hear that it is time to build bridges of understanding instead of walls of containment. We learn that the relaxing of tensions is a harbinger of disarmament and that soon we can trim defense costs. We even hear it whispered that accommodation is not appeasement, that we must give a little to get a little and that the

time is ripe to seek a changed status for Berlin and East Germany.

But no matter how beguiling the message and cajoling the voice, the spirit of Camp David is an insubstantial wraith. The cheery euphoria it engenders is not justified by the facts of life.

What are the facts, two months and a half after the chummy palaver in the Catocin Mountains?

►Moscow stands astride Berlin in the same threatening pose that created the desperate crisis of a year ago. The threat of unilateral action has been deferred but in no sense withdrawn.

►The peril of a hot war has receded, but Nikita Khrushchev amiably rattles his rockets every week, just as a reminder. The tensions of the Cold War have been relaxed a bit, but only to give play to the tactic of victory through "peaceful coexistence" and competition." The Communist goal is fixed. The struggle with the West is a struggle that must end with our death and burial.

►We have achieved some procedural agreement with Russia on the matter of atomic tests. We have made some small progress in the field of cultural exchanges. But there have been no substantive agreements on the basic issues that divide us, nor are there any in sight.

►Serious splits are showing in the fabric of the Nato alliance. The greater the relaxation of tensions permitted by Moscow, the more the Western nations seem to drift apart and the harder we must work to find convincing reasons for sticking together.

These pre-summit months are no time to plant our feet on the brass rail and sing "Happy Days Are Here Again." From the spirit of Camp David, deliver us, O Lord.

## Rating the Legion

LAST WEEK OUR movie critic tossed caution to the wind and her modish chapeau in the air to sing the glories of a new film, *Ben-Hur*. Reviewers across the country lauded it as the product of a happy marriage between a noble theme and an ennobling presentation. The critics' relative unanimity will surprise some of the public. But Catholics may experience additional surprise on learning that the Legion of Decency, the Church's official agency for motion pictures in America, joined the chorus of praise.

In addition to classifying it as morally unobjectionable for general patronage, the Legion took the rare step of recommending the film as "wholesome entertainment on an unusually high level of achievement. It fully merits the patronage of the entire family."

Recommendations are something new in the agency's 25-year history. Yet they simply fulfill a wish expressed by Pope Pius XI in his 1936 encyclical entitled *Vigilanti Cura*. The then Holy Father urged that national offices should "promote good motion pictures, classify others and bring this judgment to the knowledge of the priests and the faithful." Despite this clear statement, however, it remains unfortunately true that many Catholics continue to be confused over the meaning of the Legion's ratings.

An A-III rating, for instance, expresses nothing more than the judgment that a given film will pose no real moral danger to a normal adult. But it makes no promise that the picture in question will be an artistic treat or a spiritual treatment.

Another aspect of the Legion's operations which suffers from popular misconception concerns the procedure by which ratings are determined. The fact is that the Legion relies upon the competent and experienced advice of scores of educators, professional movie critics, student counselors, parents and pastors of souls. These individuals—in some cases as many as forty or more for a controversial film—write up carefully considered judgments on a picture's merits and may follow this up with extended discussions with the Legion's executive staff. All this does not guarantee infallibility for the reviewers, but it should assure any reasonable person about the general reliability of the ratings. Indeed, over and above the fact that the Legion's authority derives fundamentally from the mandate of the American hierarchy, the care with which the Legion operates should suffice to win the layman's conscientious respect for its lists.

During the past 12 months, as Bishop James A. McNulty, chairman of the Bishops' Committee for Motion

Pictures, Radio and Television, recently announced, the Legion classified 233 domestic films. Of these, 85 per cent proved to be morally unobjectionable for one or more categories of viewers. Unfortunately, the remaining 15 per cent included many aimed primarily at juveniles. Through a combination of crass commercialism and moral obtuseness, the industry's generally good record was marred by these displays of sex and violence. Catholic teenagers and their parents, however, had expert, advance warning on these lapses through the Legion's good offices.

Two eminent American moral theologians, Frs. Gerald Kelly, S.J., and John C. Ford, S.J., authored a lengthy study of the Legion of Decency in the September, 1957 issue of *Theological Studies*. All in all it is hard to question the conclusion reached by these scholars. In their view, the more the Legion is known and studied, "the greater will be the honest and heartfelt support of the Catholic, and also of the non-Catholic, public for its objectives and achievements."

## Religion in Business

THIS is an appropriate time, when men are more disposed than at other seasons of the year to consider the main business of life, to call attention to a valuable discussion that has been under way for some months now in certain industrial circles. It is fitting, too, that our point of departure should be a magazine which is not, to put it mildly, preoccupied with the supernatural, since in matters of this kind many businessmen are not prepared to accept kindly or uncritically preachments from a clerical source, no matter how informed and sympathetic it may be.

The subject of these remarks will be, then, an editorial essay which appeared in the November 14 issue of *Business Week*. This remarkable essay explains that some people in management—obviously a very small minority—are no longer satisfied with the "human" approach to employe relations. They argue that it isn't enough merely to reject scientific management, with its emphasis on authority, rigid plant discipline and stop-watch production, and to recognize, as social scientists insist industry should, the needs of workers for recognition, security and participation in decision-making. Business must go beyond that. It must be based, these men say frankly, on religion, which in our society means that it must be based on the Judeo-Christian ethic. From their point of view, "economic self-interest is simply selfish greed and egoism, and management engineering . . . downright sinful."

This new note in business thinking, which signalizes a break with liberal economic philosophy, has been sounded throughout the past year in a series of articles, under the title "Business and Religion," in the *Harvard Business Review*. It has been sounded even more clearly, *Business Week* believes, in a new book, *Big Business and Free Men*, by James Worthy, a vice president of Sears, Roebuck & Co. Mr. Worthy contends that "in the world of business there are many devout men deeply

troubled and seeking greater relevance between their work and their faith." They cannot find this relevance, he insists, short of the principles of Christianity.

*Business Week* does not disguise its impatience with Mr. Worthy. It finds him uncharitable in his criticism of Frederick W. Taylor, "the father of scientific management." It is not persuaded that all clergymen would agree on Mr. Worthy's Christian principles, since "in religion, as in economics, even the experts often disagree." Nor does our leading business weekly believe that businessmen will buy the Worthy homily or, by implication, the sermons of the *Harvard Business Review* either. It asks realistically: "In an economy still characterized by strong labor unions, dividend-demanding shareholders and political uncertainty—to say nothing of sinful man—can business yet give up managerial authority, organizational discipline and the profit motive?" And it answers in this way:

It might rather be anticipated that most managers will continue to regard economics as economics, and religion as religion—making such adjustments as their consciences and the competition require.

We are not lacking in sympathy with this reaction. It is true in a sense that economics is economics and religion is religion. In their socio-economic writings, the modern Popes disclaim any authority in merely technical matters. But religion is very much concerned with God's moral law, and that law, since it governs all human actions, governs also all the activities by which men produce and distribute wealth. In some of his applications of this law, Mr. Worthy may be on debatable ground, but in asserting the primacy of ethics he is eternally right. The more businessmen and business literature concentrate on this truth, the closer will our economy approach the Christian ideal of a just and charitable society.

# Science and the Catholic Tradition

Ernan McMullin

IT IS A STRIKING fact, and one often commented on, that the underlying attitude of the average Catholic toward the whole enterprise of theoretic science is usually assumed to be one of hostility. He is the inheritor of a sad tradition of misunderstanding and misjudgment in this matter, one which goes back more than three centuries to the period in which physical science, as we know it today, was just beginning to take shape.

The Church's condemnation of Galileo marked—though the Church's spokesmen could not realize it—a moment of grave decision. Galileo had been eloquently (if not always convincingly) contending for the freedom of the “new science” from theological control. In his forthright *Letter to Castelli*, he argued that

the authority of the Sacred Scriptures has as its sole aim to convince men of those truths which are necessary for their salvation. . . . But that the same God who has endowed us with senses, reason and understanding should not wish us to use them and should desire to impart to us by another means knowledge which we have it in our power to acquire by their use—this is a thing which I do not think I am bound to believe.

He was on the right track, as it turned out, but the theologians were not going to be easily convinced of this. Their supervisory competence in matters physical had too long gone uncontested for them to take kindly to a man who warned them bluntly that “professors of theology should not arrogate to themselves the authority to decide on controversies in professions they have neither studied nor practiced.” Forgetting the caution of Augustine, who had written that “the Holy Spirit did not desire that men should learn things [from the Bible] that are useful to no one for salvation,” and ignoring the lesson of Aquinas, whose successful efforts to establish the autonomy of philosophy had met with vehement opposition from the Augustinian theologians of his day, the theologians declared that the theory that the earth moved was formally heretical. This was equivalent to outlawing the upstart new science of the “mathematicians”; it was, in fact, a declaration of war.

It is easy to find excuses for the theologians. The die-hard Aristotelians whom Galileo had confounded were the ones who actually initiated the campaign to have his novel views declared heretical. As the denun-

ciation to the Holy Office phrased it, the Galileans “were treading under foot the entire philosophy of Aristotle, which had been of such service to scholastic theology.” Strong measures of repression were therefore demanded by the beleaguered philosophers, who were, as Galileo wryly put it, “unable to withstand assault on their own.” In addition, the theologians themselves had been growing increasingly sensitive about questions involving the interpretation of Scripture; the Protestant challenge had made them much less receptive to developments in the concept of inspiration than their predecessors had been. The Church's reaction to the 17th-century crisis was thus very different from her reaction to the very similar crisis in the mid-13th century, when Aristotle's novel views in physics and psychology seemed to threaten the intellectual foundations of Christendom. That Galileo failed in his attempt to provide a way for the Church to assimilate the new learning where Aquinas had succeeded, is not so much an indication of a difference between the two men (though Galileo with his scorching polemic and soaring vanity stirred up a fierceness of personal opposition that the serene Aquinas never had to contend with) or between their aims, as it is an indication of the failure of nerve that followed the Counter Reformation, a failure which all but paralyzed intellectual initiative in the Church for two centuries.

## A SUSPICIOUSNESS TOWARD SCIENCE

Physical science had not originated in the East nor in the Arab world, even though mathematics and technology were already relatively advanced in these areas, but rather in the Christian West, whose belief in the orderliness and “creatureliness” of the universe encouraged a constructive and theoretical approach to the problems of nature. In the early growth of this science, bishops like Grosseteste, Albert of Saxony and Oresme, as well as priests like Albertus Magnus, Bradwardine and Buridan had played a decisive part. In Galileo's own day, the contributions to science of priests like Copernicus and Mersenne were known to all; indeed, Galileo's strongest support came from priest-friends—Foscarini, the Carmelite provincial; Castelli, the Benedictine professor of philosophy; Ciampoli, secretary to Urban VIII; Dini, archbishop of Fermo. But within a generation all this had changed. Reactionism set in, and the intellectual forces of the Church gradually withdrew from the fields of secular learning which they had dominated for so long, back to the seemingly secure fortifications of a tried and true traditionalism.

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For the next two hundred years scarcely a single theologian, philosopher or scientist of the caliber of a Cajetan or a Copernicus was to appear behind those fortifications. Their places were taken by the preacher and the casuist. During the time when the "modern" mind was being molded by intellectual giants like Newton, Leibnitz and Kant, the Church was voiceless and intellectually almost impotent; she could take no part in directing the flood of new ideas. The age of Newman and Mercier and Lemaître was still a long way off.

But this unhappy story reveals only one of the causes of the latent hostility between scientists and Christian theologians that sometimes, even today, breaks out into open warfare. In England, the national church at first greeted the new science rapturously, seeing in it a wonderful manner of discovering (in Robert Boyle's phrase) "the footsteps and impressions and perfections of the Creator," of scrutinizing "the vast library of creation" (John Ray). But a nagging doubt soon arose. Did not the new physics lead to a mechanistic world-view which was incompatible with belief in the Christian God? And so the Anglican apologists began to find themselves on the defensive against allegations that they were promoting atheism (Bishop Bentley's reproach against Newton); they set about writing treatises like *The Darkness of Atheism Dispelled by the Light of Nature* (Charleston) and *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation* (Boyle). These works tried to provide a rational basis for a belief in God which would be acceptable to scientists. They searched for "such principles as might work with considering men for the belief in a deity" (Newton in a letter to Bentley). But their natural religion, with its emphasis on physical law and design, took little account of the supernatural side of the Christian message; instead of shoring up Christianity, natural religion soon began to displace it. As a recent writer puts it, "although their absorption in natural religion and the external manifestations of divine power did not dispute or deny any specific Christian doctrine, it did more to undermine Christianity than any conclusion of natural science ever did" (Westfall).

In the century that followed, Anglican theology was buried in the deist landslide. The Watchmaker God of the Newtonian world-machine (who had to intervene in the universe to keep planetary systems stable) became less and less believable as time wore on and scientific explanation was seen to be total in its own order. We do not need the hypothesis of God in physics, as Laplace explained patiently to Napoleon. Neither do we need it in biology, as Darwin's century was soon to discover. The diversity of species, the marvelous intricacy of organisms, the adaptation of living beings to their environment—all these and many other striking facts about the living world which had formerly been thought to be explicable only in terms of special divine "interventions," now appeared as natural corollaries of the all-embracing scientific concept of evolution. But the Anglican Church felt that the time had come to make a stand (American Protestant groups like the Baptists were later to come to the same decision), and so

they joined battle with the "atheist" defenders of the new theory—Huxley, Haeckel, Tyndall and the rest. History repeated itself—except that the Anglicans lacked the canonical sword Galileo's opponents had been able to wield—and the results were just as disastrous as before.

And so, both ways were tried. The Catholic Church, after an auspicious start, lost confidence and treated the new science with suspicion as a potential competitor of theology. This led for a time to the eclipse of science within the Church and to a near rupture of the harmonious, but always precarious balance between faith and natural reason which had prevailed since the time of Aquinas. The Anglican churchmen welcomed the new science as a helpmate of theology; but it ultimately proved a Trojan horse to them. Here, then, is the background we must keep in mind when we talk of the "conflict" between science and Christianity. It will be seen that the tension is due to two main factors—the past efforts of theologians to regiment science and to extend their competence considerably beyond its proper limits, and the growing "Caesarism" of science, which seems to explain everything and to make supernatural modes of thought appear hopelessly old-fashioned. The "Catholic" attitude toward science has been strongly affected by these factors. The peculiar combination of bad conscience and inferiority complex they can give rise to is vividly illustrated, for example, by the statements about science and scientists that one sometimes finds in certain sections of the Catholic press.

#### CAN THE GAP BE BRIDGED?

There is a real problem to be faced here. Science has unquestionably encouraged the spread of irreligion. Are we then to retreat from it, as some leading Protestant and Jewish thinkers seem to advocate? Are we to set science over against religion as an alien and hostile fact, or are we to incorporate it in our world-view as part of that total intelligibility which it is given to man alone to discover in God's universe? Does the advance of science pose a threat to the Christian's theological understanding of the universe?

To answer this last question, we must see something of what is meant by "explanation"—scientific, philosophical and theological. Each discipline proceeds in a different way to "explain" the same thing; each has, if you will, a different idea of what constitutes "explanation." For the scientist, the death of a dog will be "explained" in terms of a virus; for the philosopher, it will be "explained" in terms of matter and form; for the theologian, it will be "explained" as part of God's providence. Now the exponent of any one of these modes of explanation is quite liable to regard the other modes as being trivial or even spurious. For instance, the scientist may protest to the theologian: "Your statement that God is good is applicable to every contingency that can arise. Therefore, its truth cannot be tested and it explains nothing." Nor does it, in the scientific sense of the word, for science requires that an explanation be specific and thus, conceivably, falsifiable.

Of course, this objection will not be taken seriously

by anyone who has first grasped the difference between these quite diverse ideals of "explanation" and has then satisfied himself of the legitimacy of each. Furthermore, an analysis of the methods of procedure followed in these disciplines shows that each of the orders of explanation is autonomous and—in principle, at least—complete in its own domain. This means, for example, that there cannot ordinarily be any question of science happening on "something it can never explain." Science is capable of explaining any repeatable physical phenomenon, according to its *own* sense of the word "explain."

These points are understood much better today than they used to be. It was once assumed that each kind of being (a stone, a gnat, a star) was fashioned separately by God; this implied that the *only* explanation of why things are as they are is a theological one. The projection of a scientific framework back into the pre-history of our universe—in the theory of biological evolution, for example—indicates that the matter is much more complicated than this. We are beginning to see a continuous line of descent from the primitive nebula almost to man himself. Science has discovered the laws by which the stars evolved; we know why the earth is the sort of planet it is; we know a little, at least, of what brought about those genetic changes which produced more and more complicated animal nervous systems until finally one may have been sufficiently developed for God to infuse into it the breath of rationality, the human soul.

It is a majestic picture that science here presents to us, one after the heart of Augustine, who saw the whole plan of God's creation contained germinally in the original desolation. God is not "intervening" at every moment, as Platonic teleology and Aristotelian physics led medieval thinkers to assume. God is *transcendent*; He is no demiurge or watchmaker. His creation and conservation are one and the same, timeless and all-wise. There are no last-moment additions to His plan: everything is allowed for in the original blueprint.

#### SCIENCE, TOO, IS GOD'S

Science now begins to emerge as an essential component in our understanding of God's plan. Man is still the pivotal point in the universe. The scientist realizes better than most of us that the rationality on which science depends can be found only in a single creature, and that this creature alone has the incredible power of encompassing the universe in the sweep of his mind, of becoming "potentially all things," in Aquinas's happy phrase. The whole history of the world has led up to this creature. The Aristotelian of Galileo's *Dialog* objected to the vast empty spaces between planets and stars in Copernicus's model of the universe as "vain and superfluous," because they did not serve man. Galileo's spokesman tartly replied that it is not for *us* to say what is vain. Nowadays we can answer this objection even more effectively. No longer is man's key role as the "crown of the universe" to be insured by the crude device of making his dwelling its physical center. We can understand that enormous spaces are necessary if some-

where, by the ordinary laws of physics, planetary systems are to appear. We can appreciate the fantastic time-scale that is required if on one of those planets an incredibly improbable and complex grouping of atoms is to occur, and if a new kind of matter which will have the power of adaptation and development is to appear. We can realize that a profusion of living creatures must try their luck in the struggle for existence if some day one of them is to be found a suitable abode for an immortal spirit. The advance of science does *not* therefore involve any weakening of the plausibility of theological ways of thinking, if it be properly understood. On the



contrary, it notably deepens our theological appreciation of the grandeur and nobility of God's plan for man and the universe.

It has often been said that Catholicism is lacking in a theology of the temporal order, that its otherworldliness and preoccupation with the absolute have made it dilatory in evolving a true humanism. That there is an element of truth in this allegation cannot be denied. Catholic thinkers, like Maritain, Thils, Dondeyne, Mouroux and Norris Clarke have been trying hard to remedy the fault. They have sought to validate proximate temporal ends for man. Among other things, they point out that advances in technology are liberating man more and more from his slavery to matter—to disease, hunger, climatic extremes, exhausting labor and so on. Man has tapped sources of untold energy. He is about to conquer the barriers of space. The range of his brain is being enormously extended by intricate electronic computers. He will soon be able to communicate almost instantaneously with any one of his fellows. His whole conception of work and of society is gradually being transformed. Three hundred years ago, science scarcely touched the daily life of man; the range of his mind and body, the energies at his disposition, even his means of communication were almost as physically limited as those of his primitive ancestors tens of thousands of years before. Today man's whole relation to the universe is changing at a pace that few have really grasped. Yet we are still only on the threshold of undreamed-of changes. Biology and psychology are at approximately the level of theoretical development that physics was in the time of

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Newton. What the next century will bring only God knows.

There are two points of view among Christians regarding this upheaval. One is that technology is a "bad thing," that it replaces God's image in creation by that of man, that it is a manifestation of the "original sin" of man's nature, a sign of his inordinate desire for knowledge and greed for power. This attitude (which is exemplified in the work of some few American Catholic writers, like Wilhelmson and Carol Jackson) is partly Manichean, but is chiefly rooted in a "good-old-days" mentality which Catholicism somehow seems to foster among some of its adherents. The opposite view is that technology is man's way of obeying God's command to Adam to "dominate the earth;" it "transforms matter by imposing upon it traces, as it were, of rationality, of spirituality, even of humanity" (Thils). In remaking the universe in the image of man, science brings it nearer the image of Christ, too, thus helping it participate in its own way in the work of redemption (Dubarle, Teilhard de Chardin). It may even be (as D'Arcy, Malevez and others suggest) that in transforming the earth, science is preparing for that "glorified earth" on which the resurrection of the body is to take place and which will be entirely dominated by man.

Be this as it may, it is certain, at least, that the technological transformation of the world is in itself good. But it unquestionably poses man with the gravest challenge he has ever faced. The more man's capacities are magnified, the greater the dangers to which the weakness of his still human nature exposes him and his world. It is imperative, then, that man's spiritual growth match the increase of his physical potentialities. It is not merely that man needs new wisdom and new restraint as he gains command of nuclear and genetic forces. It is not just that the terrible new capacity he possesses for dominating his fellow man may turn his head and put an end to freedom on the earth. It is above all the fact of *knowledge*, the feeling of omnipotent reach, that can make the mind of man so swell with pride that it may set itself over against God.

In this growing crisis, the troubled scientist can find little solace in either of the great philosophical orientations which have, between them, dominated the intellectual arena for over three centuries. The tradition which stretches back from Nagel and Ayer through Mach and Hume to Locke and Hobbes, and which in its various manifestations has been labeled "empiricist," "phenomenalist" and "positivist," could never find room for the notion of a transcendent Creator. Within the limits of its own categories and starting-point, the most it could hope to achieve was either a rational affirmation of a limited God (the deism of the 18th century is an instructive example of where such an effort is bound to fail) or else an incompletely rational affirmation of a Creator. (The fideism of the later medieval nominalists or of many of the leading Protestant thinkers of today might here be quoted as examples.) On the other hand, the idealist tradition, represented in our own day by such great scientific figures as Einstein and Eddington, deifies the human mind, and therefore

tends to accentuate rather than diminish the peril in which the scientist now finds himself. Existentialism may be regarded as an anguished attempt not so much to resolve as to underline this dilemma bequeathed to the modern world by Descartes. It recalls man to a sense of his own contingency, to wonder at the *fact* and not merely the modalities of his existence.

But this recall is not enough. If we refuse to move beyond the level of human frailty and fleetingness, the human condition becomes a horrid absurdity without a history or a meaning. It must be seen as demanding a total creative Cause as its existential ground. This requires acute metaphysical analysis of the kind in which Aristotle and Aquinas excelled and which contemporary thought is beginning to master again after many centuries of neglect. Here is where the realist metaphysical inheritance of the Christian can be of such immense service. Yet the very strength and complexity of this inheritance poses a great danger, too—the danger of treating the words of a master philosopher as things, of converting philosophy into history. Metaphysics more than any other part of philosophy requires an utter integrity, to which the memorizing of "theses" and the division of the history of philosophy into the "good guys" and the "bad guys," in the manner of a juvenile western, are altogether alien.

#### A KEY TO UNDERSTANDING NATURE

The passionate desire for understanding and comprehensiveness which distinguishes the true metaphysician can be seen in the best of contemporary Catholic thought—in the works of Maréchal, Maritain, Lonergan and de Raeymaeker. It is here (so it seems to me) that the scientist may find a way of relating man to nature and to his Creator. Man is seen as totally dependent upon God at every moment of his existence. Everything that he is or makes himself to be, the very fact that he is at all, all these find their ultimate ground in the Creator. Man accepts things as they are, tries to understand them and modify them. But the whole order of space and time, of man and materials, takes its being from One who stands alone, who conserves the world in being and does not merely modify it.

The scientific quest itself takes on its full significance only within this context of *creation*, of the universe as God's handiwork. This insight is probably the principal legacy that the Judeo-Christian tradition has bequeathed to philosophy, as Pieper and other historians of medieval philosophy have often stressed. Natural science is, then, in its own way a searching out of the intelligible imprint that the Creator has impressed upon His work. It is true that some have held that science tells us nothing of real structure; it is to be regarded, they say, simply as a convenient way of cataloguing phenomena. This was Bellarmine's contention against Galileo, and it echoed a distrust of the "mathematicians" which was common at that day among philosophers and theologians. It is the view of modern positivism, too—a view which, partly through the influence of Duhem, has tinged the whole of contemporary Catholic thinking on the nature of science.



Though possessing a certain plausibility in the context of descriptive theories of motion, this view is utterly and demonstrably inadequate as an account of what science in general is doing. It makes the scientist either a collector of curiosities or a technologist.

Science, then, must be taken to disclose in some sense, however oblique, the hidden structures of the real. We can now begin to realize the true dignity of the scientist's vocation. It is he who is charged with interpreting the Book of Nature in which God reveals Himself no less surely—though much less clearly—than in the Bible. What the scientist finds is what God Himself has put there, the intelligible structures which are the proper objects of man's God-given intellect. Next to love of God and neighbor in the scale of values governing those spiritual activities which make us the "image of God" comes intellectual understanding. And foremost among the goals of that understanding is the scientific grasp of that created world to which God has fitted man's sensory powers. If we are to prepare for eternal life by the development, both natural and supernatural, of our faculties of intellect and will, it would seem that scientific understanding is among the highest of natural activities, one that every Christian should hold in the most profound esteem.

The struggle which convulses the world today can, in a certain sense, be regarded as a conflict between two competing theologies of science. One theology assigns to science a messianic role in bringing about the millennium here on earth; secularists of the West and Communists of the East agree in making scientific progress the supreme norm for man. Christianity, however, sees its millennium elsewhere, and declares that prayerful union with God is more important to human destiny than is scientific research. The scientific exploration of the universe, as our late Holy Father so often emphasized, is good, but it attains its full significance only when it reverently respects God's overlordship. It must be carried out with humility; there must be a real ascesis of knowledge, of the kind that the Incarnation not only dramatizes and symbolizes, but also makes possible for the individual Christian. The Word of God freely limited Himself by assuming our condition, and even gave Himself over to suffering and death for the love of men. The scientist who looks upon nature and sees in it the imprint of this same Word cannot fail to realize that his commitment to truth must involve an equal commitment to love, and that the discovery of truth must lead man to humility, not to pride.

## The Vanishing Hero

Andrew M. Greeley

**K**ENNETH S. DAVIS ends his tragic biography of Charles A. Lindbergh with an account of how the motion picture, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, was a box-office failure because few moviegoers under forty either knew or cared about Lindbergh. In the closing words of the book, Davis describes the famous *New Yorker* cartoon in which a boy says to his father, as they walk away from a theatre: "If everyone thought what he did was so marvelous, how come he never got famous?"

Davis sees this as the unhappy ending of a great hero's romance with the American public. However, there is more involved. Even those young Americans who can grasp that flying the Atlantic alone in a 110-mile-per-hour Ryan monoplane was an amazing feat find it impossible to understand the tremendous ovation which this accomplishment earned for the Lone Eagle. That Lindbergh could have become one of the truly important men in our land, offering counsel to the powerful and the wealthy, and arguing in public with the President, is beyond the belief of the present generation. As one young man put it to me, "So he flew

the Atlantic. So what?" It is not merely that flying the Atlantic has become a commonplace, but that heroism—or at least hero worship—has become a thing of the past. The Lindbergh phenomenon simply could not happen in 1959. The first man to the moon—in the unlikely supposition that he is an American—will never capture the public imagination as Lindbergh did in 1927.

One searches the national scene in vain for any trace of a hero. The attempt to build up Dr. Jonas Salk as a latter-day Edison had barely gotten off the ground when confusion over the safety of his vaccine and governmental bungling in its distribution destroyed his chances. Mickey Mantle (or, last year, Luis Aparicio) does not occupy in the imagination of the young anywhere near the place that Ruth or Gehrig or even Di Maggio did. College football stars, if we are to believe a recent article in *Harper's*, are no longer the toast of Big Ten campuses; the student body regards them as mere paid professionals. The "astronauts" are favored with complete coverage by *Life*, but few think they will beat some nameless Russian into orbit, and not many people really care. Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers have been succeeded by the very nonheroic but indisputably "cool" Maverick Brothers. No longer do boys collect cards with pictures

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of home run kings or galloping halfbacks. Now, on the contrary, they save and trade pictures of ghouls, vampires, werewolves, two-headed monsters, dancing skeletons and assorted odd creatures from outer space—all furnished by the obliging manufacturers of bubble gum.

#### THE TIMES ARE SOPHISTICATED

Hardly anyone can remember the last time a leading character in a major novel was in any noticeable way an admirable person. The idols of campus radicals (such as they are) are no longer a Dewey or a Tugwell, but rather a Kerouac or a Corso or a Ginsberg. The typical labor leader in the public mind is not a crusading John L. Lewis or Phil Murray, but a smooth though tough negotiator like David McDonald. The efforts of several Catholic organizations to promote prominent entertainers as model Catholics have ended disastrously. Even in the political world no leaders excite the admiration or the dislike caused by an F.D.R.—or even by an H.S.T. President Eisenhower was unquestionably a hero eight years ago, but it is dubious whether he remains one. A father figure or a “personality” perhaps, Dwight D. Eisenhower might well be called the last of the national heroes.

There are many reasons for the disappearance of the hero from the American environment. World War II was a disillusioning experience, and the disillusionment was compounded by the Korean debacle. We were sated with heroes during the war and found out later that many of the heroes had been created by publicity men for “morale purposes”—whatever that might mean. There was, of course, much bravery in both conflicts, but in mechanized, electronic wars bravery is often irrelevant and not infrequently useless. Most Americans, therefore, tend to feel that heroism is pointless and that a hero may be stupid or mad, or else that he is a chap who is running away from personal problems, or is incredibly naive. An alleged hero is greeted with scepticism and even distrust, but hardly ever with admiration.

Besides being disillusioned, we are also extremely sophisticated. A good number of us know enough about the techniques of publicity build-ups to be able to spot a smart public-relations man's handiwork a mile away. We are well aware that the world we live in is anything but an honest place, and we suspect that everyone who has done something outstanding or is alleged to be doing something outstanding has an “angle” somewhere that will emerge if we just wait around long enough. We know that big-time athletics is a business, not a sport—and if we happen not to know it, the antics of major-league baseball owners would certainly convince us. We know that major scientific discoveries are no longer made by isolated geniuses but rather by well-equipped teams working for big corporations or affluent foundations. We realize that the entertainment world is a land of what would charitably be called make-believe or, uncharitably, phoniness. Hence, we at least pretend not to be surprised by the quiz-show scandals. (Despite the anguished moralizing of editorial writers, average citizens seemed remarkably

unperturbed by the whole sorry spectacle. Most of them seemed to feel that if they were in the same circumstances as the hapless contestants, they would do the same thing themselves.)

We know that politics is a profession of eternal compromising where even the most shining knight must soon learn to “make deals” and ignore the many shady doings of his underlings. We know that “personalities” can be “merchandised” and “packaged” and that any connection between the public image of a “personality” and his real personality is entirely accidental. So we take our heroes with a grain of salt.

There seems to exist a kind of Gresham's law of publicity, according to which authentic greatness is corrupted by association with pseudo-greatness. Heroes are somehow tainted by association with “personalities.” If the Lindbergh feat happened today instead of in the 1920's, he would appear on the Ed Sullivan show, have his picture on the cover of *Time*, be the subject of a serial biography in the *Saturday Evening Post*, star in a highly fictionalized movie account of his flight and trade wise cracks with Jack Paar. All of these “stunts” are harmless in themselves, but taken together they constitute the same type of treatment accorded to quiz-show winners, tennis stars, rising young “sick” comedians, the newest teen-age “singing” (the term is used loosely) sensation, beatnik poets and any other odd characters that temporarily awaken public interest in our blasé society.

#### THE RADIO AND TV DID IT

There may, of course, be a real distinction between celebrity and heroism, but such nuances are hard to catch in a mass-culture world. The nation is strongly tempted to lump all public figures into the same two general types of phenomena—the amusing and the diverting. If the chair next to Jack Paar is occupied one night by a medical missionary from Laos and the next night by a brash and clever starlet, there is little chance of the missionary's raising public respect for the starlet, but considerable danger that the starlet will subtly taint the public image of a real hero. (Obviously, I'm talking about Dr. Thomas Dooley; he seems to realize the chance that he is taking and is willing to run the risk. Perhaps there is no greater heroism than to endanger a reputation for genuine personal heroism in the service of something more important.)

The mass media are the great equalizers. They reduce everything to a homogenized common denominator. They have room for the bizarre and the peculiar, but no room for the truly different. “This is Your Life” and “Person to Person” carry this equalizing function to its logical absurdity. The extraordinary person is made to look ordinary. The hero, who is always just a little bit larger than human, is reduced to the commonplace, the banal, the trivial. And the public yawns and looks for someone else to stimulate its dulled sensitiveness. Heroism vanishes not in disgrace but in boredom.

Yet, there are other reasons for the vanishing hero than the equalizing influence of the mass media. For there are still heroes, even if we do not see them or

try to convert them into something different from what they are. A year that has seen a Thomas Dooley and a Shirley O'Neill, the girl who tried to save a man from an attacking shark, can hardly be said to be a year without heroism. The human spirit is still capable of bravery against incredible odds. Man is still capable of breaking out of the ordinary run of everyday activities and doing the startling, the remarkable. There are still a few Americans who are willing and eager to dedicate their energies and even their lives to the service of their fellows. There is still a handful of young people searching for ways to make a significant contribution to human progress and happiness no matter what personal inconveniences, discomforts and even sacrifices are required. It is not heroism that has vanished but hero worship. If we Americans have allowed the mass media to taint heroism and even to destroy the notion of it in the market place of common ideas, the reason is not the absence of heroes but rather our fear of them.

#### SOMETHING GOOD HAS GONE

For the hero is a reproach to the rest of us. We seek eagerly for his feet of clay so as to find an excuse for our own laziness and indifference. In the late 1950's we Americans do not want heroes. Reaction to Dr. Dooley is a perfect example of our contemporary indifference to the hero. This "splendid American," in many ways so like Lindbergh, has stirred a completely different public reaction. As a young friend of mine observed: "If Dooley should die, a lot of people will weep, but there won't be very many who will want to take his place." In 1927 the public identified itself with Lindbergh. The young could see themselves doing the same thing when they got older. The old would have liked to see their children accomplish something like what the Lone Eagle had done. But precious few Americans want to go to Laos to heal the sick; in fact, practically no one would even give it a thought. Most parents would be gravely displeased if their offspring even suggested that such a vocation might be worthwhile. As a nation we admired Lindbergh and wanted to imitate him; today we are fascinated by Tom Dooley and cheerfully contribute money to his cause. And so the hero vanishes and is soon forgotten.

The vanishing of the hero is then part of the whole complex malaise which has settled upon our nation. We want to be left alone so we can enjoy our Good Life free from social responsibilities. We want to "play it cool." Life is too complicated and involved, too confused and dangerous for us to depart from the comfortable routine we have carved out for ourselves from the mess around us. The hero and the heroine refuse to subscribe to our National Compromise with indifference. Hence, we have no room for them.

Such a state of affairs should be disturbing to a religion which has based much of its traditional pedagogy on hero worship of Christ, the Blessed Mother and the saints. In a world determined to "play it cool," one wonders how much relevance these models of the Christian life still have. The ascetical dictum "*admirandus sed non imitandus*" ("to be admired but not imi-

tated"), used at times of certain of the more spectacular rigors of the saints, has at best only a limited area of proper application; yet American Catholics are sorely tempted to make it a guiding principle of their spiritual life, and to place it side by side with that glittering absolute of other-directed man—"Everybody is doing it."

The decline of public idealism between the age of Lindbergh and the era of Dooley should be even more troubling to Catholics. The healing of the sick in Southeast Asia is far more in line with the traditional Christian notion of heroism than the spanning of the Atlantic. There still exists in our land some depth of interest in scientific achievement, but the corporal works of mercy occasion only passing fancy. It is not a question of our trying to defend these principles of charity from direct attack. That would be relatively easy. It is rather a problem of maintaining them as vital parts of the life of our Catholic people when all the world around us acts as though heroic virtue were irrelevant.

When someone writes a pessimistic little piece like this one, it is normally demanded of him that he provide answers. A writer who attempts to describe a critical problem is apparently thought to incur some sort of obligation of coming up with a pat, easy answer. But there are no easy answers. There never have been and there never will be. If our nation is to survive we must once again have popular heroes who will inspire us to greatness through times of crises. The mass media must bear much of the blame for corrupting the image of heroism in the public eye. The media can be reformed, but only if the public wants this reform badly enough. The public will get authentic heroes again only when it feels the need for them. But there seems to be no way in which the public can be persuaded to face the reproach which heroism involves. Yet must not some way be found—and soon? For, as the atomic scientists keep warning us, it is two minutes to midnight.

#### And Mary Sang

Snow on the gray crest of Mount Hermon wakes  
My Son is a river in the waiting landscape  
Out of my desert valley He has made a lake

My Son is the sea I am set to drift on  
Everywhere I look He is the horizon  
From and to Him I move Who is all directions

My Son is rain in Silo and I the first flower  
I reach to Him and all my roots are sure  
He is the storm and the early spring shower

My Son is a white alb of water falling  
In the cup of my hands I have held Him flowing  
Beneath the ferns and rock He is a small spring

My Son is a well deep in the unseen flesh  
He is the water rising and the surface at rest  
My children drink of Him and be refreshed

JAMES F. COTTER



# May a Catholic President Sign...?

*John R. Connery, S.J.*

IF ANYONE was under the illusion that the religious thinking of this country had become sufficiently mature to accept the prospect of a Catholic President with equanimity, he must be sorely disappointed by this time. It should be quite obvious to even the most casual observer that the Catholic candidate for Presidential nomination has been singled out and continually harassed by representatives of various Protestant sects, suspicious of the political orthodoxy of any Catholic candidate. These same examiners have shown an equally obvious unconcern for the religious affiliation or beliefs of other candidates. It would be interesting to poll the country to find out how many people could even identify the religion of the other candidates. All of this adds up to the conclusion that a Catholic candidate for President still presents a unique problem to his non-Catholic brethren.

All Catholics assume the good faith of those who recently confronted Senator Kennedy with a question regarding the attitude he would take toward a "birth-control-for-Asia program to be financed by the United States." But it must be admitted that the question reveals a lamentable failure to grasp the full dimension of the population problem. Even if one wishes to fasten on the grosser and more negative solutions offered for this problem, it is hardly practical to select the contraceptive program. The experience of India gives little reason for enthusiasm over a contraceptive solution to the population problem. And even in Japan—where a threefold program of contraception, sterilization and abortion has been in operation during the past ten years—the reduction in the birth rate has been accomplished principally through the sharp increase in the number of abortions. (In Japan in 1955 there were 1,727,040 births and 1,170,143 abortions—a rate of 67 per cent.) In the light of these experiences it is somewhat unrealistic to single out the contraceptive program and present it to the Catholic candidate as a practical dilemma. It is difficult to see how such a confrontation serves any purpose other than to cause needless embarrassment.

Certainly the practice of contraception must be condemned. Even if it proved an effective solution to the

population problem, it could not be justified. We cannot let ourselves be stampeded even by what may be a real and urgent problem into accepting uncritically any and every solution offered. It might be argued, for instance, and with good reason, that the medical profession itself, by prolonging life and reducing infant mortality, is largely responsible for the "population explosion." And it might be concluded from this argument that the solution to the problem lies in the suppression of the medical profession. However effective this solution might be, all would recognize the folly of any such recommendation. The effectiveness of a means, therefore, is no guarantee of its morality. If it were, wholesale homicide and suicide would be the obvious solution to the population problem.



But it is one thing for a person to condemn and disapprove of wrongdoing, and quite another for him to be able completely to dissociate himself from it. The office cashier who stands aside helplessly while the thief empties the safe, or even at the point of a gun hands over the contents of the safe, certainly does not approve of the theft. No one can say that, in cooperating with the robber in these circumstances, the cashier is himself a thief or that he is compromising his own principles of justice. I

do not wish to imply that this case is an exact parallel to the one under discussion, because it is not. I merely wish to point out that cooperating with wrongdoing does not necessarily involve personal commitment to the evil. At times it does. But each case must be considered on its own merits.

As for the problem under discussion, it can be said with certainty that it would be wrong for a Catholic President to initiate a birth control program. But it is not so easy to determine what his moral obligation would be if he were called upon to cooperate with a birth control program initiated by others. One cannot categorically either condemn or condone such cooperation. For instance, if a Catholic President were presented with a bill sponsoring a birth control program, I do not think that the veto would in all circumstances be his only alternative. It would clearly be wrong for him to approve the program, and I am inclined to think (although I am still open to conviction on this point) that signing the bill would be tantamount to such approval.

However, the Constitution itself seems to offer a third

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alternative, a way in which the President can dissociate himself from a bill without vetoing it. A passage in Article I, Section 7, reads as follows: "If any Bill shall not be returned by the President within ten Days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the Same shall be a Law, in like Manner as if he had signed it. . . ."

This clause seems to give the President an alternative analogous to that of a legislator who chooses to abstain from voting. Whether a Catholic President, or for that matter, any President, could legitimately have recourse to such a procedure would depend upon the circumstances of the concrete situation. If one can conclude from recent statements made by some of the other Presidential hopefuls, the Catholic candidate is not alone in his opposition to a birth control program. It is difficult to see how any Presidential candidate could support, or even tolerate, a program that is religiously offensive to a substantial segment not only of his own constituents but also of the total population, particularly when his country already has a somewhat unenviable reputation in many quarters for a materialistic outlook. But at least theoretically one can conceive of a situation in which intrinsic circumstances would make toleration of a birth control program a lesser evil.

Ultimately, the American public must face the fact that it runs some risk in electing *any* conscientious man

to the Presidency. Since the Constitution gives the President the power of veto, our nation's Founding Fathers evidently expected him to exercise personal decision when confronted with legislation. He is not expected to be a rubber stamp. Moreover, any conscientious man can conceivably be faced with a moral or religious problem in signing this or that piece of legislation. A Methodist could be faced with a dilemma in deciding whether to sign a bill that would provide smoking or drinking facilities, e.g., for the Armed Forces; a Christian Scientist, in a public health program; a Quaker, in a defense budget; and any conscientious President would recoil from a public program of abortion to relieve overpopulation.

The conscience problem, then, is not peculiar to the Catholic. As a matter of fact, although one can conjure up countless imaginary conflicts, there is no evidence to show that in reality the Catholic President would be faced with religious problems any more frequently than other candidates. Catholics have for many decades now occupied the chair of Mayor in many of our cities, and even the office of Governor, and by and large they have given satisfaction at least comparable to that given by office holders of other religious affiliations. There is no reason to believe that this experience cannot be repeated in the event that a member of the Roman Catholic faith is elected to the Presidency.

## Theatre Goes to College William Wells

**C**RITIC Kenneth Tynan's recent bon mot, "the world of woozy song," seems only too adequate a description of commercial theatre in America today. It appears that we bow only to Eugene O'Neill when we concern ourselves with things of the theatre, and the looking is tough indeed when one decides to poke around in search of that nebulous entity, "significant American theatre."

I believe that a great deal of the trouble may be laid to looking in the wrong direction. Enough has been said by highly competent critics of the drama about the commercialism, bad taste, banality, poor writing, poor acting, confused directing and so on of the Broadway theatre for there to be any need of reiteration here. Why, then, when all harbingers are rather the opposite, do we keep on hoping that Broadway will someday redeem itself and blossom forth with a national theatre of real value?

College and university theatres, on the other hand, are making heartening efforts in every area of the theatre arts to steal a march on the professionals. As an

academic discipline, theatre arts is an infant that has had a mighty growth in a comparatively short span of time. In 1900 a Department of Theatre or Division of Drama on an American campus was a dream that lived only in the imagination of a few daring teachers of what was then "elocution" and has since become "oral interpretation." Indeed, this area is frequently called today by administrators and critics of higher education "a pragmatic field, not in keeping with the liberal arts tradition." This, I think, is a fair stereotype of the argument. Only with the most admirable restraint can theatre scholars resist caterwauling about departments of education, business administration, engineering or a hundred others, upon hearing this. The argument will not be settled here, nor even entered into. I wish instead to state two theses and a conclusion.

The first thesis is that the history of theatre arts as an academic discipline closely and significantly parallels that other potential genesis of a national drama, the community or "little" theatre. While a few hardy souls were gathering into borrowed town halls plump businessmen and pretty stenographers with an amateurish but eager flair for the histrionic, a dozen or so English and speech instructors were stealthily badgering their

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chairmen into instituting a course called play reading, dramatic speech or even, in an instance or two, basic acting. As the years went on, other courses were added—stagecraft, lighting, directing, make-up arts, costuming and playwriting. The modern department of dramatic arts offers these courses and many more, which lead eventually to the B.A. or B.F.A. in drama. Today more than a hundred graduate schools confer the M.A. or M.F.A., and several of them grant the Ph.D. in theatre history or a Doctor of Fine Arts in production arts.

The average Bachelor of Arts program will include a heavy dose of English literature and composition, two or three years of a language and several semesters of music, art and philosophy. Some mathematics and science requirements are stipulated, and the trend lately is to require two or more semesters of the social sciences also. The young man or woman graduating with a B.A. in drama will have had many hours of practical work in acting, directing and production arts to bring life to his theory courses. His "professional" competence may be open to question—"professional" in the sense of being ready for the dog-eat-dog whirl of casting offices, summer stock tours and wrangles with agents during the winter—but he is certainly ready to take his place as a producer, director or actor in community theatre.

The roster of names connected with this sort of thing is both impressive and indicative. The community theatres and the university drama departments have constantly traded personnel back and forth, to their mutual advantage. Frederick Koch of the University of North Carolina founded the nationally famous Carolina Playmakers, and Samuel Selden now carries on his double effort—the teaching of dramatic art on the university level and the encouragement of new native playwriting, an undertaking which prospered under Yale's legendary George P. Baker. The late Margo Jones of Dallas was, when it came to a question of pure theatrical genius, a ready challenger to any of the big boys of Broadway; and, perhaps most important, critical attention is ever shifting from the large commercial companies to the university stages. One finds constantly in critical journals a repeating of names: Loren Winship of the University of Texas, Edward Cole of Yale, Leo C. Zinser of Loyola of New Orleans, Kelly Yeaton of Pennsylvania State. Among the *cognoscenti* these names begin to resound rather auspiciously if one reflects that here used to be found the names of New York producers and directors, which now with increasing frequency are being relegated to the metropolitan dailies.

My second thesis may develop logically from the first. There are scarcely more than a dozen full-time commercial producers outside of New York City. As America's commercial theatre becomes more insular and more devoted to noise and glitter, the sense of artistic responsibility on the university stages grows greater and greater. There seem to be two chief motives here: the keeping alive of classic theatre and the stimulation of new American drama. One need no longer wait for the occasional visits of the Old Vic to see Shakespeare, for the local college is sure to have him (or Sophocles or Aristophanes or Jonson or Molière) on their fall or spring

schedule; and while the critics rightly wonder whether this country's established playwrights can possibly become wearier or its young playwrights angrier, St. Louis, Yale and other major universities have quietly added Resident Playwrights to their faculties. Too, it is an exceptional summer stock company that does not faithfully schedule the leavings of the prior Broadway season; meanwhile, the State universities of Iowa, Louisiana, North Carolina and Pennsylvania, to name just a few, have long since established experimental playhouses for the public presentation of works by their students. Nor are these plays necessarily of high school or amateur quality; a significant number of them are purchased each year by play publishers and are fully protected by royalty agreements.

We may conclude with an assumption. The new, the fresh, the vital theatre of America is to be found on its campuses. We need not be intemperate in our criticisms of the commercial stage. Having none of the financial subsidies that are often available to the universities, its consideration of the box office is often born more of necessity than crass grabbing. Consider this plus the unenviable situation of having to depend upon the digestion and disposition of the newspaper critics, and it becomes easy to be kind to Broadway. At any rate, college theatres do not need its help. Each night in some university town a curtain rises to reveal a stage set, painted and trimmed by hands that become ever more adept, and actors and actresses who move and speak with sureness and vitality. This, I maintain, portends a new era in the live theatre of America.

## "O" Antiphons

"O" Antiphons vocal again on tongue  
enjoin us: take to the attic rung  
and from the cedar trunk bring out  
hillside, a stable, and devout  
ceramics—shepherds and kings  
in apprehensive poses;  
open the cardboard cases where  
upon the kapok whiteness, stare  
Mary and St. Joseph; and shed  
cocoons of cotton from a carven head  
of the cradled Child.

On strings

our youngest one disposes  
tissue wings upon a tree  
and squeals a challenge: "You'll see  
the Infant smile if you bend low  
enough."

So eagerly we go  
the depths of creeping things.  
Here faith discloses  
no paltriness about our wooden crèche  
wherein, upon the straw, we have  
the Child, whose curve of lip  
transcends the clay of flesh.

SISTER MARY HONORA, O.S.F.



# BOOKS

## When Sailors Fought for God

### THE ARMADA

By Garrett Mattingly. Houghton Mifflin. 427p. \$6

It is too much to hope that this scholarly book will end the books about the fascinating subject of England and the Spanish Armada. Nor, perhaps, should the subject be closed, for time is restoring some sense of objectivity and breaking open the molds into which the materials have hitherto been poured.

Prof. Mattingly of Columbia University is well known for his sympathetic biography of Catharine of Aragon. Unfortunately, he has not quite shaken off the millstone of the English tradition of history, for he justifies actions of fearsome, "good" Queen Bess, whose principal vindication lay not in morality but in two practical axioms: "possession is nine points of the law" and "might makes right."

That it was a savage era, Prof. Mattingly chillingly indicates. That blunders, and not divine intervention, saved England, he clearly delineates. That the illegitimate Elizabeth was fighting for her hold upon the throne, that it was intensely personal to her, he does not stress. That Spain had an Inquisition, he repeatedly emphasizes, but he does little more than hint at Elizabeth's similar mechanisms, which are not to be found in his index. In terms of objectivity, admittedly almost impossible in such a subject, he swings a bit to one side and back to the other, the whole virtually balancing out.

Unfortunately, it is this minor flaw which will probably provoke other books on the Spanish Armada. One can almost see the scholarly readers burrowing into the libraries to prove Mattingly wrong on this or that.

Prof. Mattingly may have used the superb multi-volume *History of England*, by John Lingard, but it does not appear that he did. He would thereby have saved himself enormous effort in the research for the non-naval aspects of the subject.

A professional naval historian will find targets in the book, but the general reader can pick up Mattingly's book, sail along at a brisk clip and reach the end vastly enriched.

If Prof. Mattingly's book isn't perfect, the fault is in the subject, which

may well be too complex for a finite human. All in all, he has written an excellent book. If there are no others, it will stand, like a house with a few leaks in the roof, far too valuable to pull down because of a handful of holes. The rain doesn't come through some of the holes unless the wind is at the right angle, anyway. R. W. DALY

### A President Reviewed

#### IN THE DAYS OF McKINLEY

By Margaret Leech. Harper. 686p. \$7.50

In 1897 devout, frock-coated William McKinley, "an authoritative man of nearly 53, with the hair thinning on his temples and an ample girth stretching his coat," became our 25th President. Despite a youthful "sunny optimism of temperament" and a "capacity for warm affection," the cautious citizen of Canton, Ohio, concealed a congressional and a Presidential career behind a mask. After war, law and politics, he left behind "almost no personal papers" and "rarely wrote a private letter." What John Hay described as a "genuine Italian ecclesiastical face of the 15th century" has long challenged biographer and historian alike.

After six decades, and thanks to the drama-filled pen of Pulitzer prize winner Margaret Leech, McKinley's mask is no more. Based solidly on a great body of new facts, including the diary and papers of Presidential secretary George B. Cortelyou, this volume is no panegyric. Against the colorful background of tariff tilts, a cross of gold and malaria-infested imperialism emerges—for better or for worse—McKinley the man.

McKinley, more the moderator than the leader, possessed of a "feminine desire to have things pass off pleasantly," and "a politician without policy, pliant and opportunistic," needed an "impresario, a press agent and an angel." As the author observes, "in Mark Hanna, he found all three." To this one might add that the McKinley era has likewise found all three in the talented and discriminating prose of Margaret Leech.

The story behind America's rise to international power is interlaced with McKinleyism. The Open Door Policy in China, long a primary object of British diplomacy, became American myth-

ology with his blessing. Also, the devastating and delirious days of Admiral Dewey, the spread-eagle nationalism of Theodore Roosevelt and expansionism under the guise of a moral mission—all bear the McKinley imprint. No facet of the era or of the man is without vivid portrayal in this engaging volume.

General reader and student alike will experience difficulty in passing final judgment on McKinley. Did he earn angel Hanna's taunt that God hated a "coward"? Should one entertain T. R.'s jibe that he had a "backbone like an éclair"? Was the *Nation* correct in styling him as "one of those rare public speakers who are able to talk humbug in such a way as to make their average hearers think it excellent sense, and exactly their idea"? Or rather does he stand as grieving contemporaries best remembered him: a man of "firm, unquestioning faith," with kindly "dignity, accessibility and dedication to the people"?

The author judges that McKinley "failed to meet the test of greatness." Yet, in arriving at this verdict, Margaret Leech paints the President as a finer and a firmer man than most readers would have thought possible. All in all, this volume, amply documented and adequately indexed, will long stand as sound history and excellent literature.

HARRY J. SIEVERS

### Oriental's View

#### SILENT TRAVELLER IN BOSTON

By Yee Chiang. Norton. 275p. \$6.50

A delightful Chinese friend was envious of her scholarly husband's linguistic gifts. In a halting English colored by exasperation, she said: "Every place he goes—in two weeks it is his language." Similarly, wherever Yee Chiang goes to observe and write and paint, he makes that place his own in a very special way.

He came to Boston—and the record of his stay is a treasure for everyone who loves the Boston he tells about. For this is not a guidebook, nor a sociological study; it does not pretend to give a complete picture of the whole Boston with its mingling of cultures, its problems and tensions, its colorful politics and its complex array of liabilities and charms. Mr. Chiang saw almost as much of Cambridge as of Boston; he visited Concord and the North Shore; Nantucket and Plymouth. He was looking for the Yankee Bostonian, and he found him in some of his favorite haunts. In almost none of these

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places were the Yankee Bostonians in sole possession, but Yee Chiang concentrated on them. Incidentally, he was singularly fortunate in his guides; it is doubtful that he could have found others so well-equipped as Walter Whitehill and David McCord.

The Silent Traveller reveals something of his attitudes when he visits. He looks for similarities underlying conspicuous differences—and, needless to say, he finds them. He confesses that his habit of not reading up on places before visiting them caused him occasional confusion. During his first days in Boston, for example, he heard some talk of the Boston Tea Party and murmured that he would like to go to it.

Mr. Chiang lived on Pinckney Street on Beacon Hill during his stay, and with words and brush he has created heartwarming impressions of his neighborhood—for instance, Louisburg Square in a snowstorm and the Charles River

### Our Reviewers

R. W. DALY is associate professor in the Department of English, History and Government at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

HARRY J. SIEVERS, S. J., professor of history at Bellarmine College, Plattsburgh, N. Y., is the author of several works on Benjamin Harrison.

MARY STACK MCNIFF reviews frequently for the *Boston Pilot*. She has reviewed fiction and biography in *AMERICA* for many years.

CHARLES A. BRADY is chairman of the Department of English at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. His most recent novel, *This Land Fulfilled* (Dutton), appeared in 1958.

in the early morning after the storm, "a long, silky-white carpet laid down for some royal figures to walk over in a stately procession to infinity," and the late afternoon sun on the old red bricks and the shining State House dome crowning the golden panorama. It is tempting to go on listing the joys in store for the reader, but a list does not accomplish much. After all, these are Yee Chiang's pictures, seen with his eyes and accompanied by his reflections and poems. Just when it seems as if his experienced eyes, skillful hands, meditative approach and quiet humor have combined to make a complete impression, he adds a poem and contributes an indescribable something more.

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No, it is not all of Boston that Mr. Chiang presents; what he has seen is much of the traditional, maybe even the romantic. It is certainly the intriguing and the lovely. The 16 colored plates will arouse covetousness in the hearts of many who are not Bostonians in Yee Chiang's sense. In an oblique way they may take unto themselves his generous observation about Mrs. Jack Gardner: "She was not a Bostonian, yet she left Boston a palace."

It is indeed a happy thing that the Silent Traveller chose to include Boston among those places where "I stroll leisurely, smiling/At the myriad senses of life!"

MARY STACK MCNIFF

**POPPES THROUGH THE AGES**

By Joseph S. Brusher, S.J. Van Nostrand.  
530p. \$14.95

From Peter to John XXIII, here are the lives of the nearly three hundred men who occupied the most august office on earth. The line is a distinguished one and it is a rare Pontiff, no matter how mediocre or unworthy, upon whom the dignity of his post did not rub off in at least some degree. Matching each biography is an appropriate illustration drawn by Emanuel Borden from old engravings, medallions, ceilings, tapestries, paintings, sculptures and other sources. The art lover will find here the works of some of the most brilliant artists: Giotto, Raphael, Fra Angelico, El Greco and others. Sixteen of the illustrations are in full color.

The author of the text, history professor at the University of Santa Clara, had an unusual challenge: to conform his biographies to restricted space (never more than a page) and to evalu-



ate with frankness the personal character and official achievements of each subject. This task he performs well. Against the background of Western civilization, which cannot be studied apart from the papacy, he records the merits and works of the saints, scholars and saviors of Europe who sat upon the Chair of Peter. At the same time, he does not minimize the lust, the ambi-

tion and the greed that too often centered around that same lofty post. Leo the Great, Gregory VII, Innocent XI and the other giants are here. But so, too, are Alexander VI and such incredible creatures of the calamitous 9th century as the ghoulish and vindictive Stephen VII, who disinterred his immediate predecessor and instituted a canonical process against the half-decomposed corpse. Nevertheless, as the biographer rightly says in his introduction, "The lurid and murky flames of a few Popes' scandals pale before the strong sunlight of edification given to the world by Pontiff after Pontiff in the long progress of the Popes through the ages."

This elegant volume, bound in red and gold in the outsized, if more expensive format increasingly popular in the market, exemplifies a felicitous fulfillment of the injunction that lies upon Church historians: to avoid what is false and not to shrink from what is true, but while telling the human side, to let the divine and the supernatural shine forth unmistakably. A book for the discriminating reader and the connoisseur of art. ROBERT A. GRAHAM

**Biblical Bonds**

New books about the Bible with up-to-date photographs of archeological evidence and maps bring us all nearer to the library of the Scriptures. Most welcome of all are books that lead us with insight and accuracy to the meaning of the sacred books themselves.

*Light From the Ancient Past*, by Jack Finegan (Princeton. 638p. \$10), is a revised second edition of the well-known work first published in 1946. Careful and copious footnotes, 39 three-column pages of index and an appendix on "The Principles of the Calendar and the Problems of Biblical Chronology" make this volume look like something for scholars only. The 204 illustrations may attract "general" readers, however, who will then find themselves drawn into one fascinating chapter or another. The book could be read as a straightforward account of the archeological background of Judaism and Christianity, but it is best recommended as a book to consult about a biblical person, place or event. The Last Supper on Tuesday? St. Peter at Rome? The extent of the Flood? The date of the Exodus? The author, a minister of the Disciples of Christ and a professor at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, Cal., gives honest summaries of the facts in a readable style.



The *Historical Atlas of the Holy Land*, edited by Emil G. Kraeling (Rand McNally. 88p. \$2.95), would make the perfect companion to Dr. Finegan's book in a Christmas package. There are 40 pages of good, clear maps. The summary of biblical history seems to have been written with great care lest anyone be offended (though there is a forthright reference to "Moslem fanaticism" in the obliteration of Christian sites at Nazareth).

Protestants are fortunate in having a new reference edition (with a concise concordance) of their Revised Standard Version, *The Holy Bible* (Nelson. 1296p. plus concordance, 191p. 12 maps in color. \$9) In *The Word Was God*, by Guenter Rutenborn (Nelson. 228p. \$5), they have a well-written "biblical tour" book by book through the sacred library. Catholics have similar well-written books—by Msgr. J. J. Dougherty, F. L. Moriarty, S.J., and others—that will serve as good guides for the Confraternity translation, when it is completed.

The facts about the Persians, Jews, Greeks and Romans during the time between the close of Old Testament history and the New Testament period have been gathered in easy-to-read form by Charles F. Pfeiffer. His *Between the Testaments* (Baker. 132p. \$2.95) is a good introduction to what is called intertestamentary history, which is of interest to Christians because it was a preparation for the "fullness of time."

*The Tombs of St Peter & St Paul*, by Engelbert Kirschbaum, S.J. (St. Martin's. 247p. \$7.50), gives an authoritative account of the excavations under St. Peter's Basilica; Fr. Kirschbaum, a professor of the Papal Institute for Christian Archeology, was one of the authors of the official report. There are 44 plates, four of them in striking color. The most interesting photograph is probably the one of the bones found beneath the "Red Wall." That the place where they were found marks the site of Peter's burial is carefully established. Are they the bones of St. Peter? See pages 195-196!

How the Fathers of the Church used Sacred Scripture is a matter of continuing, even increasing, interest. *Elementary Patrology*, by Aloys Dirksen, C. PP. S. (Herder. 314p. \$4), is a simple, factual introduction to the Christian writers of the first seven centuries. The list of less known patristic writers and the list of less known heresies of the early times (one wishes he had not called them "heresies of the early Church"! ) will be useful even to those

who do not need another introduction to patrology.

Only serious students will delve into *Tertullian: Treatises on Penance*, translated and annotated, by William P. Le Saint, S.J. (Newman. 330p. \$4), volume 28 of the "Ancient Christian Writers" series. The translation of the two treatises, "On Penitence" and "On Purity," takes up 95 pages; there are 169 pages of notes and 29 pages of index. Tertullian, who lived from about 160 to sometime after 220, was a Catholic when he wrote "On Penitence," but a heretic when he produced "On Purity." Fr. Le Saint is a thorough guide.

The Dead Sea Scrolls discovered at Qumran in Palestine and Gnostic treatises found in Egypt have thrown new light on the Bible, on the early Church and on early heresies. There are headlines in those ancient texts and such astonishing developments as the publication simultaneously in Europe and the United States, in five languages and six editions, of *The Gospel According to Thomas* (Harper. 62p. \$2), one of the ancient books found in Egypt in 1945.

People were reading about it in the

papers, and some were buying it in stores, because it contained 114 sayings attributed to Jesus. It was a Coptic text, established and translated by A. Guillaumont, H.-Ch. Puech, G. Quispel, W. Till and Yassah 'Abd Al Masih, scholars in Coptic and Hebrew studies and specialists in Gnosticism and early Christian literature. What people would make of it without some knowledge of Gnosticism is an interesting speculation, but, at any rate, scholars welcomed the text as the basis for future studies. Rev. John J. Collins, S.J., president of the Catholic Biblical Association of America, has written as sensibly as anyone on the apocryphal gospel and its bizarre Gnostic doctrine (AM. 5/23/59).

What the secret knowledge (*gnosis*) of Gnosticism was has been expertly explained in *Gnosticism and Early Christianity*, by R. M. Grant (Columbia U. 227p. \$4.50), professor, minister of the Episcopal Church and president of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis. Dr. Grant argues that this movement of salvation by knowledge arose "out of the debris of apocalyptic-eschatological hopes which resulted from the fall or falls of Jerusalem." This

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so tirelessly watching  
over His children.  
May He give you  
a peaceful Christmas  
full of grace.



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masterly, well-written book is not for general readers, however. It takes a knowledge of theology and biblical exegesis to deal with Dr. Grant's chapters on Gnosticism and the New Testament books.

WALTER M. ABBOTT, S.J.

### FROM GALAXIES TO MAN: A Story of the Beginning of Things

By John Pfeiffer. Random House. 234p. \$4.95

If you like science writing that presents sober theories and plausible hypotheses without the apparatus of learning, criticism or prestigious name-dropping, you will enjoy John Pfeiffer's latest offering. I found it as engrossing as fiction.

This beautifully printed book is what I call a "cosmorama." It tries to present a unified and consistent picture of the evolutionary patterns, physical and biological, that mark the course of the universe from that dim eon (nine billion years ago?) when the world was only a scattered chaos of dark gas, down to the far-off future when the sun and all the stars will shrivel to lonely cinders in a frozen void.

Act One in Pfeiffer's cosmic drama outlines some of the ideas on the evolution of matter that are current coin in the hazy realms of cosmogony. Act Two portrays the hopeful guesses on the origins of life which form the framework of the biological hypotheses of the hour that try their best to explain the mystery of life through chance molecular encounters in the broth or soup that once boiled merrily on earth's primeval mantle. The Third Act surveys man's own emergence from the loins of his most unlikely ancestors down to the present day and, by a kind of genetic extravaganza, the final chapter attempts to forecast the coming course of man's evolution, now that this strange sport of nature is on the verge of controlling his own development.

Like all books that try to accommodate difficult scientific reasoning to the poor lore of the man in the street, Pfeiffer's little work grossly oversimplifies the themes it treats, and is therefore easy to criticize. My most pertinent criticism would be this: the author does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that practically every theory outlined in the book is but one among several that the writer might have chosen to explain. Hence the book tends to create a false sense of the unity of current thinking in scientific circles.

It is essentially "one man's universe" rather than a balanced presentation of

the opposing views that mark the genuine dynamism of evolutionary thought. Even so, Pfeiffer's imaginative exposition of "patterns of development" is not without value for the unlearned reader. It will give him some insight into the grand sweep of modern scientific theories and hypotheses; it may also drive him to more detailed works that cover the same ground. Incidentally, the tone of the book, though materialistic, is not disfigured by the animadversions about theology and religion that often mark such writing.

Pfeiffer writes well. But I have some stylistic advice which he might take to heart in his next book. He uses the historical present tense to the point where it becomes wearisome. In an effort to be graphic, he overlards his text with sentences that lack verbs. Finally, his metaphors, though often enlightening and thought-provoking, are so numerous that they become an annoying distraction to the reader.

L. C. McHUGH

### THE REAL ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and Other Critical Essays

By Francis Thompson. Identified and Edited by Terence L. Connolly, S.J. University Publishers. 349p. \$10.50

Nowadays, to read Francis Thompson as critic is like coming upon a Cellini cup amid the austere cubes and planes of contemporary criticism. Perhaps it is a Cellini with a William Morris art-and-crafts mint mark on it; for it must be admitted that an end-of-century period cast, alternately pale and florid, lies over the ornate prose here. But not over the ideas, which strike one as not only rich but startlingly fresh, particularly when one considers that they are making their first book appearance neither as essays nor articles, but in their original form as reviews written between 1890 and 1907. Within these strict limits Thompson writes primary criticism possessed of what A. Alvarez, in reaction against the New Criticism's aridities, has recently described as the two essential qualities of "judgment and intuitive pertinacity."

Like all professional book critics, Thompson read hundreds of volumes of which a surprising number—the poetry, more especially—still seem vital at a remove in time of fifty to eighty years. Moreover, Thompson, who had a way of reading with what he once called "strenuous delight," is still able to make today's reader feel a stir of exciting life even in books that, by almost any count, now belong more to history than literature.

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Fr. Connolly has neatly broken down his mass of material into these separate categories: Biography; 17th Century; Victorian Age; Americana; Irish Literary Revival; Varia; and a sampling of heretofore unpublished manuscripts from the famous Boston College collection. Possibly the second and third sections assay the purest ore, although veins of precious metal are to be come on in the other areas, too—one might instance, among Varia, an admirable history-by-jeweled-epithet of the familiar essay as well as an enthusiastic paean to a pterodactyl, occasioned by a book which, offhand, one might have dismissed as the least promising of fields for Thompson's special talents.

Cribbed, cabined and confined as he was by these review dimensions, Thompson found it necessary to impale his butterflies on very sharp-pointed pins, an exigency which, given his besetting temptation toward the grandiose diffuse, may have been just as well. But the heads of these same pins are often of purest gold; and a species of method may be detected, too—criticism by way of impressionistic phrase-making. Among contemporary critics, curiously enough, Thompson seems most affined to Edmund Wilson.

Fr. Connolly's one-man Thompson operation, patiently pursued over so many fruitful years, is a less publicized industry than the adjoining James and Melville mills. It has proved a most rewarding one, none the less; and there are enough tantalizing possibilities in the appended bibliography—I confess my soul hankers for a glimpse of Thompson on Belloc, Wagner, Dumas, the *Njalssaga*—to make one hope for still a third Connolly-edited volume to stand between this present one and 1948's *Literary Criticisms by Francis Thompson*.

CHARLES A. BRADY

CUBA: Island of Paradox

By R. Hart Phillips. McDowell, Obolensky. 425p. \$4.95

TWILIGHT OF THE TYRANTS

By Tad Szulc. Holt. 304p. \$4.50

Two Latin America correspondents of the New York Times have just given us studies in Western Hemisphere dictatorship. Mrs. Phillips, who has lived in Cuba since 1931, tells of the fall of President Gerardo Machado in 1933 after eight years of increasing tyranny, and of the rise and eclipse of President Fulgencio Batista. She passes quickly over the Castro Government, describing only its first three or four months.

Tad Szulc's volume recounts for us the careers of five Latin American dictators (Vargas in Brazil, Perón in Argentina, Odría in Peru, Rojas Pinilla in Colombia and Pérez Jiménez in Venezuela), all of whom have disappeared from office in the past five years. Mrs. Phillips' book is more readable, since it sticks to a single country and treats that country far more fully; Szulc's will be a permanent reference book.

It seemed unlikely that Cuba, with its natural wealth and its numerous, well-educated middle class, would ever fall under a military dictatorship. When it did, in 1952, the fault was ex-Sergeant Batista's. Mrs. Phillips shows



how he had been moving incessantly toward that goal over many years. Yet she could not avoid a certain respect for the self-made President, despite all the excesses he was to commit. "Few people could resist his charm," she writes. And he apparently felt a similar admiration for her, which stood her in good stead during the civil war, since "the censors would have stopped me from sending stories many times, if it had not been for President Batista."

Yet, from the beginning she knew all about the Batista regime's violence, for

people used to come to her to get the facts published abroad. Thus she was in contact very early with the rebel forces, and she arranged Herbert Matthews' visit to Fidel Castro in the Sierra Maestra. Out of that visit came the series of articles and photos that made the world realize that victory could very likely be Castro's in that unequal fighting.

Mrs. Phillips' account, like Jules Dubois' earlier *Fidel Castro*, reveals the blunders made by some U. S. Government representatives. When Sen. Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana, for instance, came to Havana in the last months of the two-year rebellion, and stated in a press conference that he "hadn't heard of any fighting" and "hoped that civil war doesn't break out," Cubans didn't know whether to weep with rage or to laugh in derision.

In *Twilight of the Tyrants*, Tad Szulc tells of five parallels to Batista on the South American mainland. Of them all, he has a grudging respect only for President Manuel Odría of Peru. Though Odría was "the antithesis of a social revolution, . . . he unquestionably has accomplished [much] for the workingman." Odría prized order above all things—and perhaps Peru sorely needed order at that time, though not at the price of the suppression of all civil liberties.

For Juan Perón, who admired and imitated Mussolini, kept a 14-year-old mistress and tried to have his wife Evita canonized, Szulc has nothing but contempt. For Getulio Vargas, who changed Brazil (where Szulc now lives)



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final, fallen state. For Marcos Pérez  
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Rojas Pinilla of Colombia he saves his  
most devastating criticism—particularly  
for the latter, "a power-hungry narcis-  
sist . . . with his romantically macabre  
turn of mind."

It will help us up here in the United  
States to understand the anger Latin  
Americans feel for the remaining dic-  
tators if we read these two studies of  
what dictatorship has meant in the con-  
crete in six Latin American republics.  
These two books form a diptych, in  
which we can see the Cuban lesson  
drawn in depth and the lessons of five  
other nations so presented that the com-  
mon pattern in all of them is plain to  
see.

EUGENE K. CULHANE

## THEATRE

THE TENTH MAN, by Paddy Chay-  
efsky, is a sort of palimpsest that dis-  
closes an incisive criticism of modern  
values under a superficially amusing  
drama based on Jewish religious prac-  
tices.

The action occurs in a neighborhood  
synagogue in a single day, during which  
the sexton is kept busy trying to round  
up ten men to make a quorum for  
morning and afternoon prayers.

One of the worshipers has a grand-  
daughter possessed by an evil spirit.  
He brings the young woman along  
with him, hoping that the demon can  
be exorcised. The girl has been diag-  
nosed as hopelessly insane and is about  
to be sent to an asylum, which is the  
modern method of dealing with diabol-  
ical possession. Unable to cast out evil  
spirits, we simply shut them up, keep-  
ing their hosts out of sight except on  
visiting days. The grandfather hopes  
that exorcism will prevent, or at least  
postpone, the shame of the girl's com-  
mitment.

Sponsored by Saint Subber and Ar-  
thur Cantor, the play is in residence  
at the Booth. David Hays and Frank  
Thompson, in the order named, de-  
signed the setting and costumes. A  
curious item in the billing is a mention  
of Caroline Swann as "associate"; there  
is no clue to the nature of her associa-  
tion with the production. Tyrone  
Guthrie's discerning direction keeps the

1605



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dual values of the author's two-level writing in proper balance.

*The Tenth Man* has been condescendingly described as "endearing, funny and enchanting," and on the surface it is a reverently humorous play that gives the Jewish element in the audience the pleasure of recognition while gentiles are beguiled by the novelty of Judaic ritual. In substance, however, the drama, without losing its humor, confronts both Jews and gentiles with a pertinent question. When her "dybbuk" is not active, the girl is religious, intelligent, competent in household crafts and is in general an exhilarating young woman. The rite of exorcism produces an astonishing result, which suggests that holy men can look for evil spirits in the wrong places.

Risa Schwartz, in a role that requires quick changes from lucidity to paroxysm to warm-hearted femininity, is radiant in her portrayal of the girl harboring a demon.

LYSISTRATA, presented at the Phoenix by Theatre Incorporated and directed by Jean Gascon, is a revival of a farce by Aristophanes that ridicules the idiocy of war.

War, hot or cold, is as idiotic today as it was in 411 B.C. Adapted to the current scene in modern dress, *Lysistrata* could convey a message as pertinent to our time as it was to Athens and Sparta. Aristophanes, however, garbed his moral indignation in ribald humor. In the present revival the author's moral anger is ignored while his ribaldry has been retained. The result is a sex farce sans adequate motivation, sans taste and sans sophisticated humor. Better things have been done at the Phoenix.

ONLY IN AMERICA. A note in the playbill reads: "The character Harry Golden is based on Harry Golden, who is very real, extremely alive. All other people in the play are fictional and unrelated to any persons, living or dead."

As mentioned in a recent review (AM., 11/14/59), Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee are our leading practitioners of documentary drama, with a special skill for making incidents in the unfinished story of America's entertaining theatre. Their latest effort, presented at the Cort by Herman Shumlin, is an ingratiating comedy of interracial relations in the South as they have been influenced by Harry Golden, the disarmingly humorous editor of a personal opinion journal that is published on irregular dates.

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The comedy was directed by the producer. Peter Larkin designed the settings. As usual, limited space prohibits deserved acting credits, except those due Nehemiah Persoff and the veteran Shepperd Strudwick, who handle pivotal scenes with an effective blend of humor, emotion and restraint.

For the information of readers who go to the theatre for entertainment, your reviewer is bound in conscience to say that *Only in America* is social drama. It is rich enough in humor, however, to satisfy theatregoers who like their theatre funny.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

## THE WORD

*We beseech Thee, O Lord, incline Thine ear to our petitions and bring light to the darkness of our minds by the grace of Thy visitation* (Prayer of the Mass for the third Sunday of Advent).

The Latin imperative verb which is here translated *incline* actually means *accommodate*. We ask almighty God in a homely sort of way to fit His hearing to our pleading.

What are our petitions on this Gaudete Sunday in Advent, when the sacred liturgy of the Mass is performed in vestments which are the color of a rose? The Church's prayer of today introduces a symbol and a theme which will later flower into the predominant symbol and theme of the three Christmas Masses. We ask Christ our Saviour — this prayer is addressed, unusually, to the Incarnate Word — to bring light to the darkness of our minds.

The symbol of light is not a Christian sign like the sign of the cross. Light is simply the most natural, and therefore the most primitive, of all images for what is good and desirable. We must understand the incomparably greater power of this semantic for ancient man, who could not control and banish darkness by pressing a button, as we can. At any rate, literature — especially classical literature — is full of light, in this as well as in the more ample sense, and the light-against-darkness theme is everywhere. It has been well observed that the use of darkness in *Macbeth* is enough to give one the horrors.

Inevitably, reflecting man detected a fourfold suggestion in the experience of darkness, and therefore a fourfold desirability in light. In darkness a man is

seriously handicapped; he is at a grievous disadvantage because he cannot see what he is doing or where he is going. On the other hand, darkness is the natural element for wicked deeds that would fear or shame to be seen in the light. Next, in darkness the human being tends to be uneasy, disproportionately fearful, depressed, an easy prey to what can be a terrible enemy — his own excited imagination. Finally, darkness will sooner or later suggest to the mind what seems to be the final and blackest darkness of all — death.

Light therefore is enormously reassuring, for now a man can see what he is about; light becomes the element and partner of good deeds; light brings courage and joy; light becomes synonymous with life itself.

*We beseech Thee, O Lord, . . . bring light to the darkness of our minds by the grace of Thy visitation.* The interested Catholic should at once turn in his missal to the Nativity feast and count the occurrences of the notion of light. Do not overlook the Nativity Preface.

The Epistles of St. Paul are replete with this image. The whole theme of the Johannine Gospel is light versus darkness, life versus death. But our Saviour Himself has said it all in a single unforgettable sentence: *I am the light of the world.*

In this Light and only in this Light can a man see and know what he is really doing, instead of what he thinks he is doing or hopes he seems to be doing. In this Light good deeds which before appeared so onerous and forbidding and next to impossible become almost connatural to a man, and in this Light he grows ashamed even to think, much less to perform, that which is evil. In this Light the Christian is heartened and cheered, he shakes off all that depression, that heavy dread which is the satanic stock in trade. In this Light we begin at last and truly to live — fully, gladly, supernaturally.

Does all this simply make another exercise in pretty talk? Is this rhetoric or is this real?

There can be but one completely satisfactory answer to such a question, a question which, in itself, is far from unreasonable. The answer is that of experiment. Let any man, beginning with this Christmas, walk as never before — more consciously, more steadily, more resolutely — in the light that is Christ. Then, one year from now, at another birth-festival of the Light of the world, let that man recall and himself answer the question he has set out to settle. VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.